

LAW  
BREAKERS

NO.1  
10¢  
L.N.C.

# LAW BREAKERS

BUT... THE  
OPERATION  
WAS PERFECT!  
NO ONE WILL  
EVER  
RECOGNIZE  
YOUR  
FACE--

NOR YOURS  
EITHER, DOC!  
BRING OVER  
A SURGICAL  
KNIFE, SAM!

UNIVERSITY  
OF  
DISSEMINATION



**NEW!**  
STOP, FULL-LENGTH,  
DRAMATIC ACTION,  
MYSTERY CRIME  
FEATURES!



[illegible]



# IT'S A CRIME!



A THIEF WHO ATTEMPTED TO LOOT THE POOR BOX IN A CHURCH, WAS FELLED BY A BRICK THAT SLIPPED LOOSE FROM THE WALL.....

IF A CORPSE IS FOUND WITH A PENNY IN HIS HAND-IT MEANS HE HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED THE UNDERWORLD

THE APACHES OF PARIS STARTED THE PRACTICE OF HAVING THEIR WOMEN CARRY THEIR WEAPONS.

DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS, THIEVES ROAMED THE BATTLEFIELDS AT NIGHT, STEALING THE TEETH OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED-THOSE THEY SOLD TO DENTISTS TO BE USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FALSE TEETH.....

ONE OUT OF EVERY 42 PERSONS IN THIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN ARRESTED OR HAS A CRIMINAL RECORD.



# CRIMES DOCTOR

THE SORDID STORY OF ....

## JOSEPH WEST M.D.

DOCTORS ARE HIGHLY DEDICATED...THEY ARE SWORN TO CURE ILLS AND EASE PAIN...MEDICINE IS AN HONORABLE PROFESSION, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO FORGET HONOR AND SELF-RESPECT AS DID DR. JOSEPH WEST WHO SOLD HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION FOR MONEY...AND PAID A HIGH PRICE...BUT THAT'S THE STORY...AND IT PROVES THAT....

**THE WAGES OF CRIME IS...DEATH!**



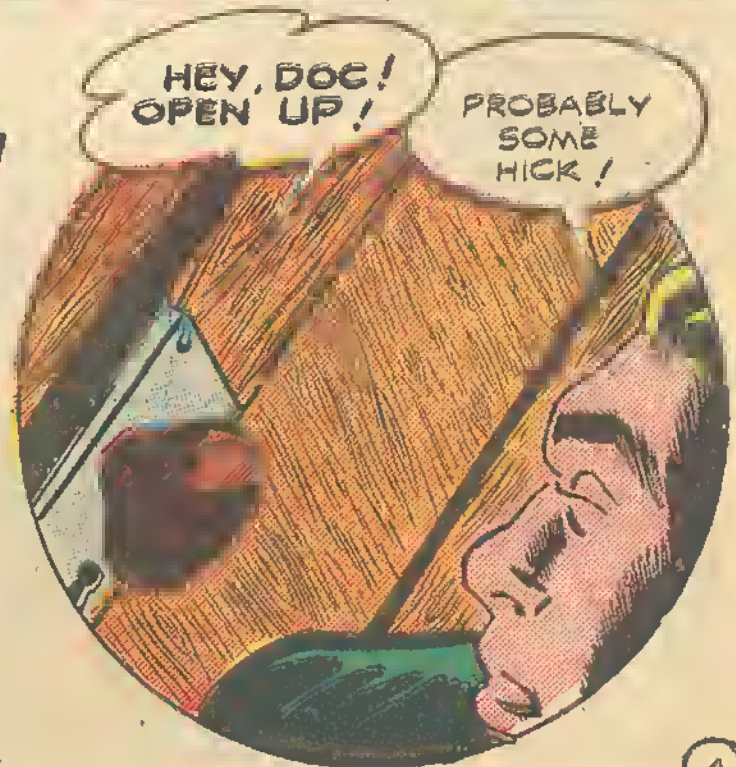
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION WAS NOT PROFITABLE FOR A YOUNG DOCTOR NAMED JOSEPH WEST.....

BAH! I'M A SUCKER...COMING TO THIS WHISTLE STOP, TRYING TO SET UP A PRACTICE HERE! THESE FARMERS ARE BROKE. I WANT DOUGH!

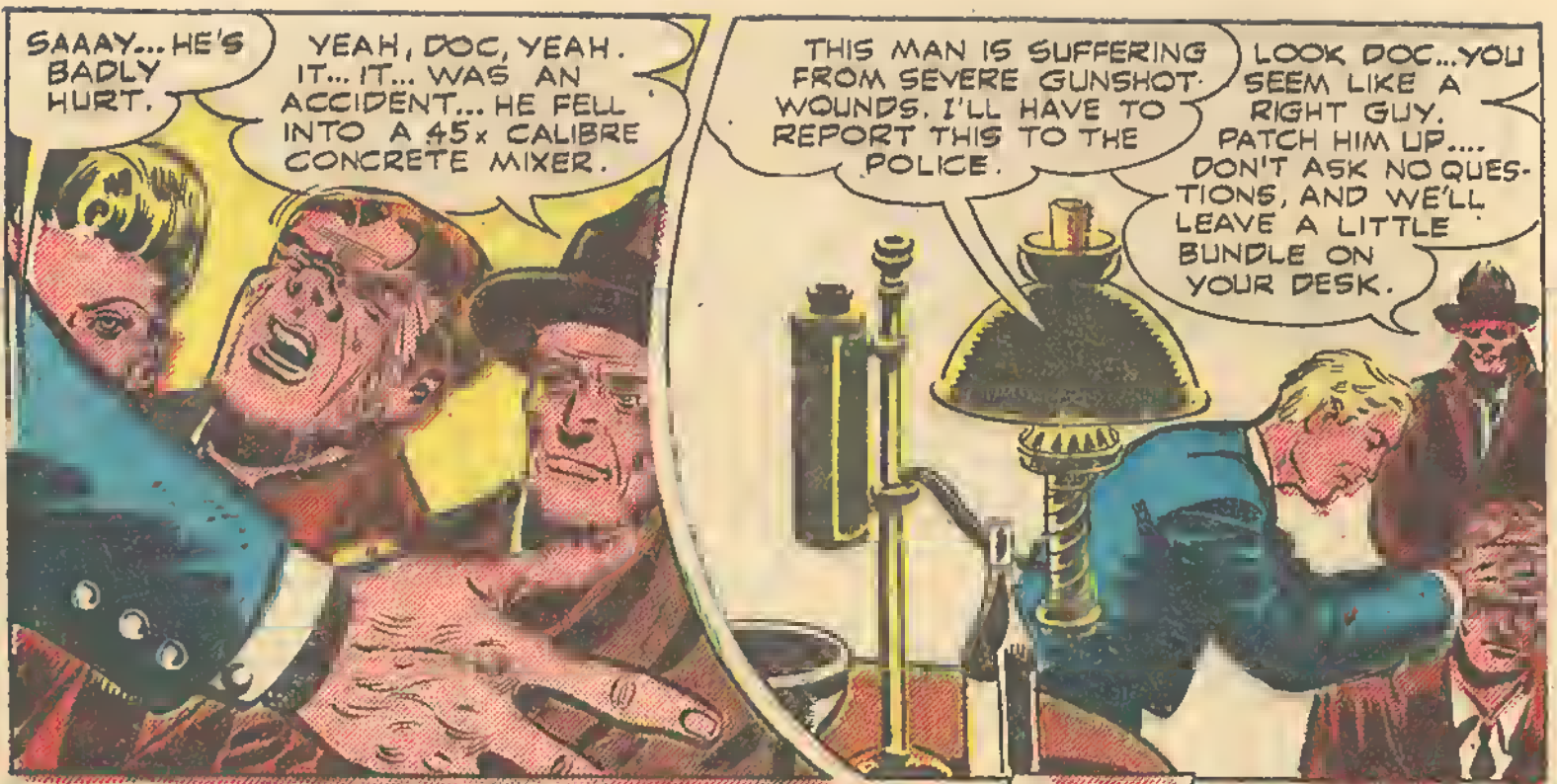


HEY, DOC!  
OPEN UP!

PROBABLY  
SOME  
HICK!







SAAAY... HE'S  
BADLY  
HURT.

YEAH, DOC, YEAH.  
IT... IT... WAS AN  
ACCIDENT... HE FELL  
INTO A 45x CALIBRE  
CONCRETE MIXER.

THIS MAN IS SUFFERING  
FROM SEVERE GUNSHOT  
WOUNDS. I'LL HAVE TO  
REPORT THIS TO THE  
POLICE.

LOOK DOC... YOU  
SEEM LIKE A  
RIGHT GUY.  
PATCH HIM UP...  
DON'T ASK NO QUES-  
TIONS, AND WE'LL  
LEAVE A LITTLE  
BUNDLE ON  
YOUR DESK.

FOR AN INSTANT, WEST STRUGGLED WITH  
HIMSELF....

FIVE THOUSAND... THAT'S MORE  
THAN I MAKE IN A YEAR!  
I'LL DO IT !!!

LATER...

HE'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT.

OKAY, DOC.  
THERE'S YOUR  
LETTUCE.

SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED... AND THEN..

YES, THIS IS DOCTOR WEST. OH?  
I SEE. THE OLD CORBETT PLACE.  
YES, I KNOW IT. I'LL BE  
THERE.

OKAY, DOC....  
RIGHT THIS WAY....  
YOU DO GOOD, AND  
YOU'RE IN.



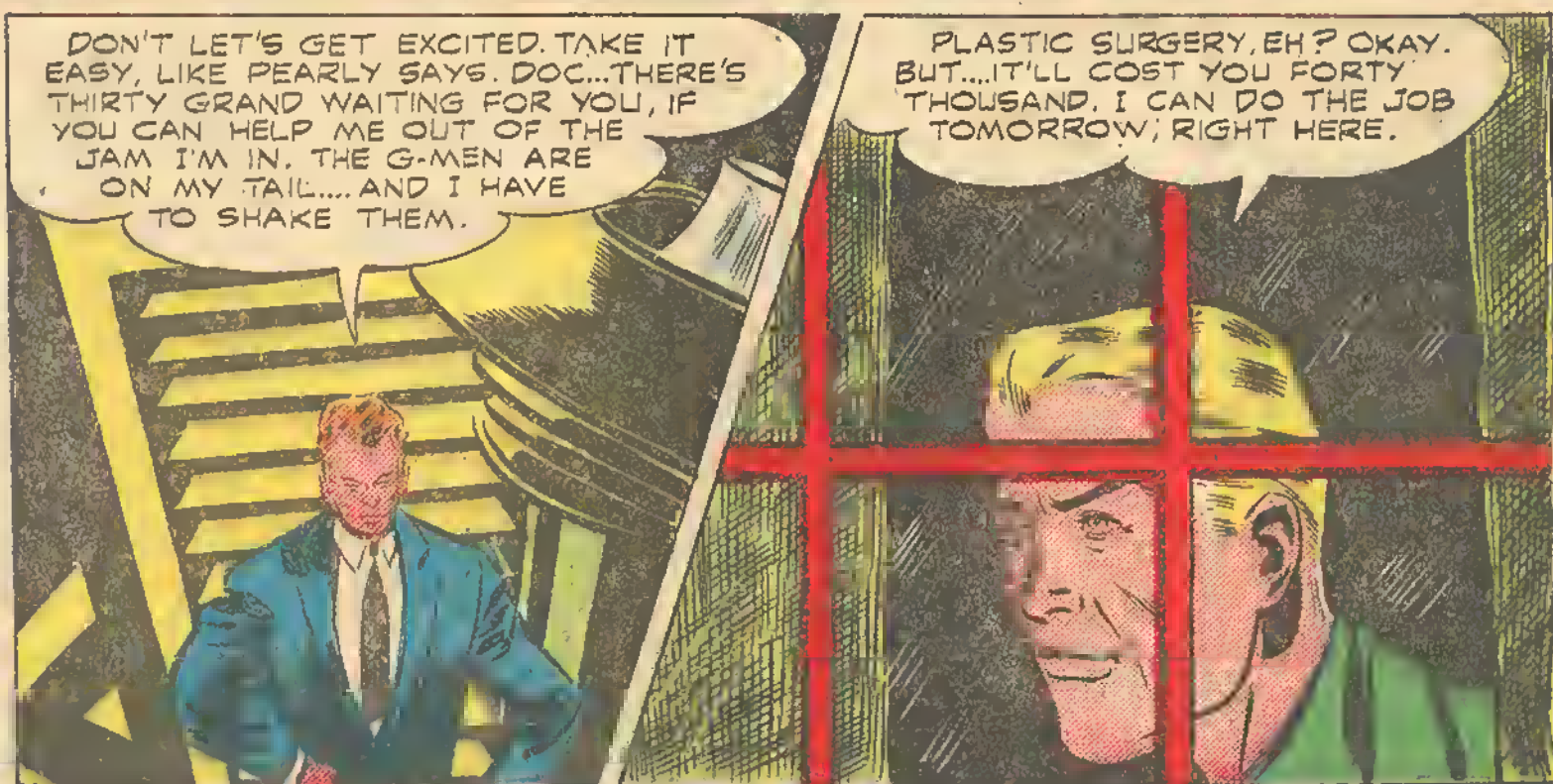


THIS IS  
DOC WEST.

HE LOOKS LIKE A  
PUNK. WELL, I GUESS  
WE CAN'T BE FUSSY.  
YOU KNOW WHO  
I AM, QUACK?

YOU'RE SHIEK DUGAN!  
I KNOW YOU ALL  
RIGHT! YOU CHEAP  
HOODLUM!

TAKE IT EASY,  
DOC...RELAX...  
SHIEK DON'T  
LIKE TO BE  
CALLED  
NAMES!



DON'T LET'S GET EXCITED. TAKE IT  
EASY, LIKE PEARLY SAYS. DOC...THERE'S  
THIRTY GRAND WAITING FOR YOU, IF  
YOU CAN HELP ME OUT OF THE  
JAM I'M IN. THE G-MEN ARE  
ON MY TAIL...AND I HAVE  
TO SHAKE THEM.

PLASTIC SURGERY, EH? OKAY.  
BUT...IT'LL COST YOU FORTY  
THOUSAND. I CAN DO THE JOB  
TOMORROW, RIGHT HERE.



THE NEXT DAY....

CHEEZ, DOC...  
YOU'RE DRINKING  
LIKE A FISH!

THAT, MY FRIEND,  
IS MY BUSINESS.  
DUGAN WILL HAVE  
A NEW FACE. NOW  
BRING ME BOILING  
WATER. THE INSTRU-  
MENTS MUST BE  
STERILIZED.



ARE YOU  
READY,  
DUGAN?

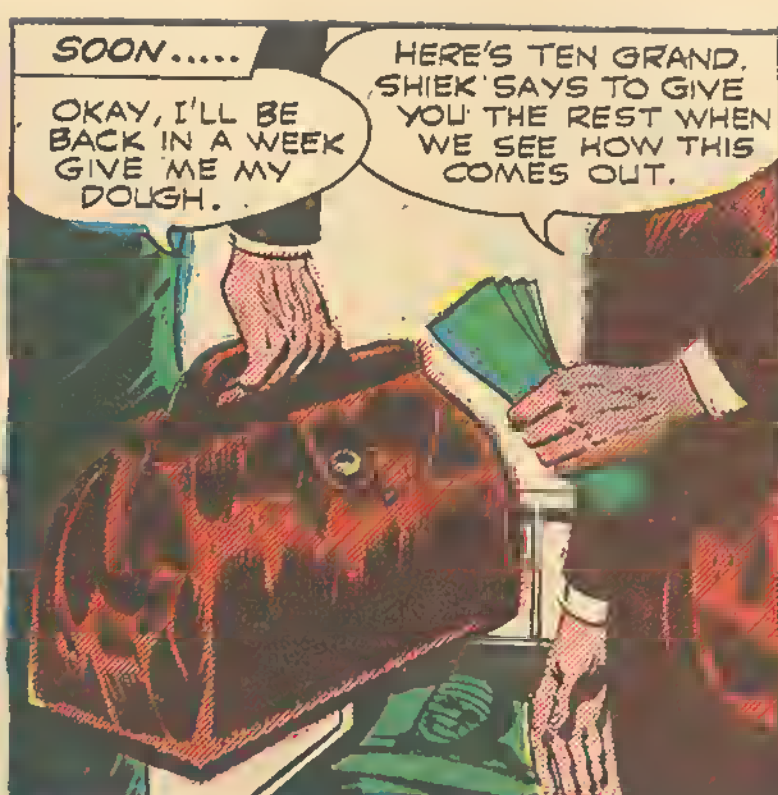
CARVE AWAY,  
DOC.





UGH...WHAT  
A MESS !!!

CHEEZ, HE'S MAKING  
HAMBURGER OUTTA  
SHIEK'S FACE.



SOON.....

OKAY, I'LL BE  
BACK IN A WEEK  
GIVE ME MY  
DOUGH.

HERE'S TEN GRAND.  
SHIEK SAYS TO GIVE  
YOU THE REST WHEN  
WE SEE HOW THIS  
COMES OUT.



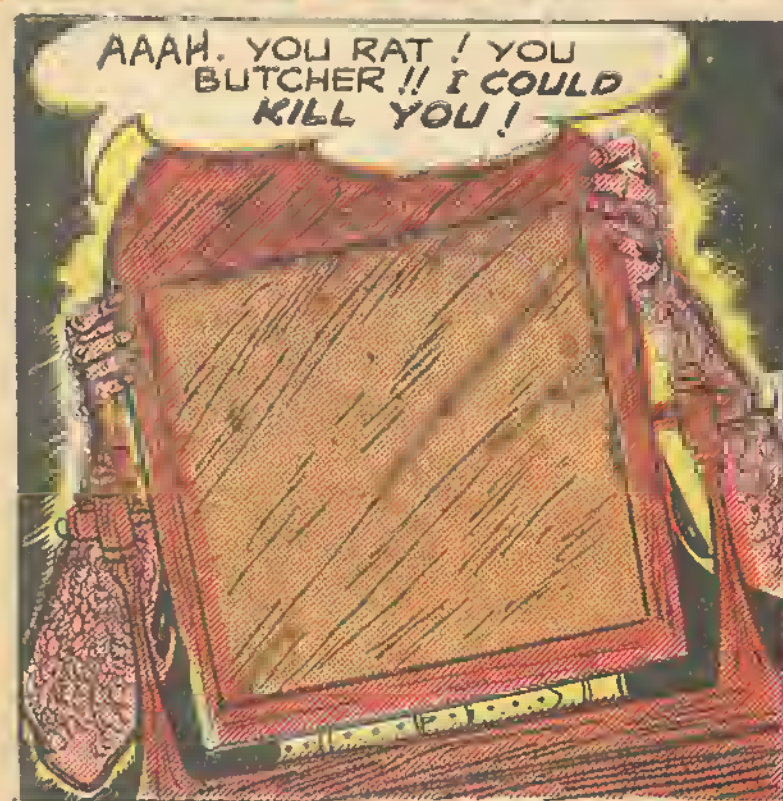
WHAAAT? WHY...  
YOU...YOU.....  
CROOKS !!!

TAKE IT EASY, DOC.  
WE'LL SEE YOU  
NEXT WEEK WHEN  
YOU UNVEIL  
SHIEK'S NEW PAN!

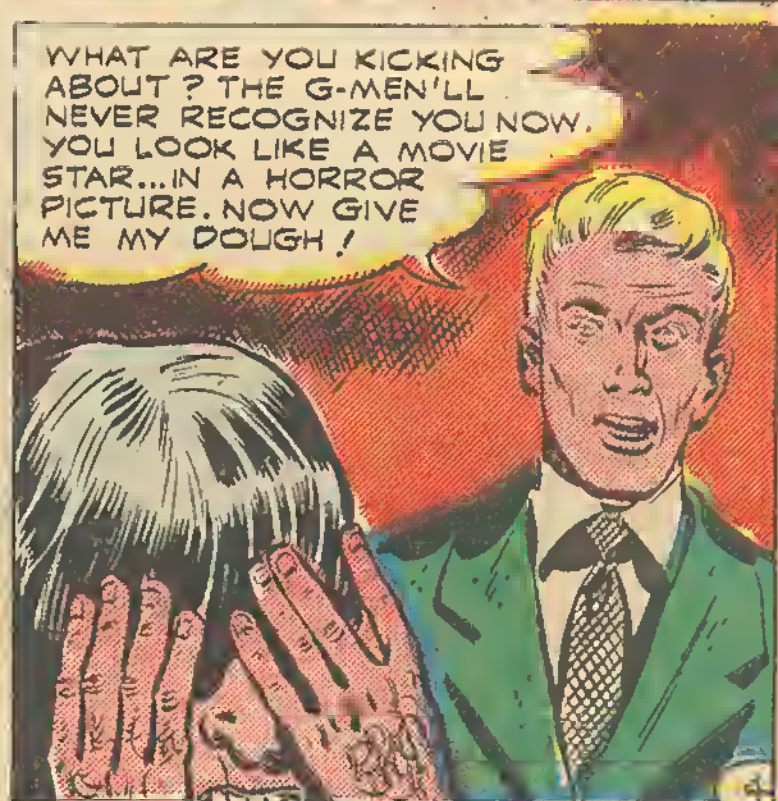


ONE WEEK LATER....

HOW DO I LOOK, DOC...  
HOW DO I LOOK ???

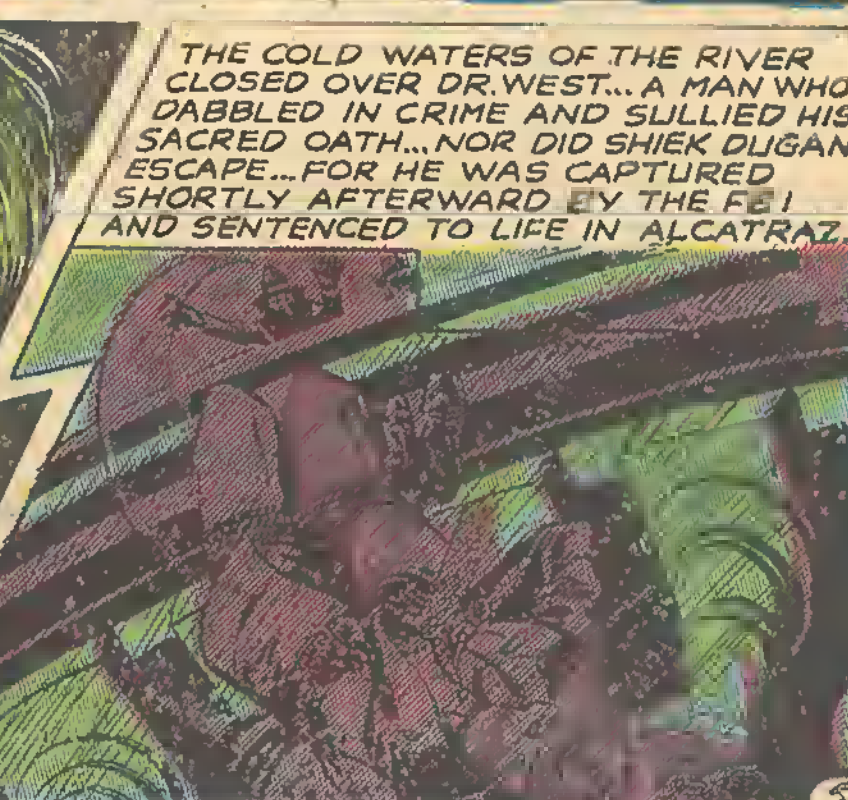
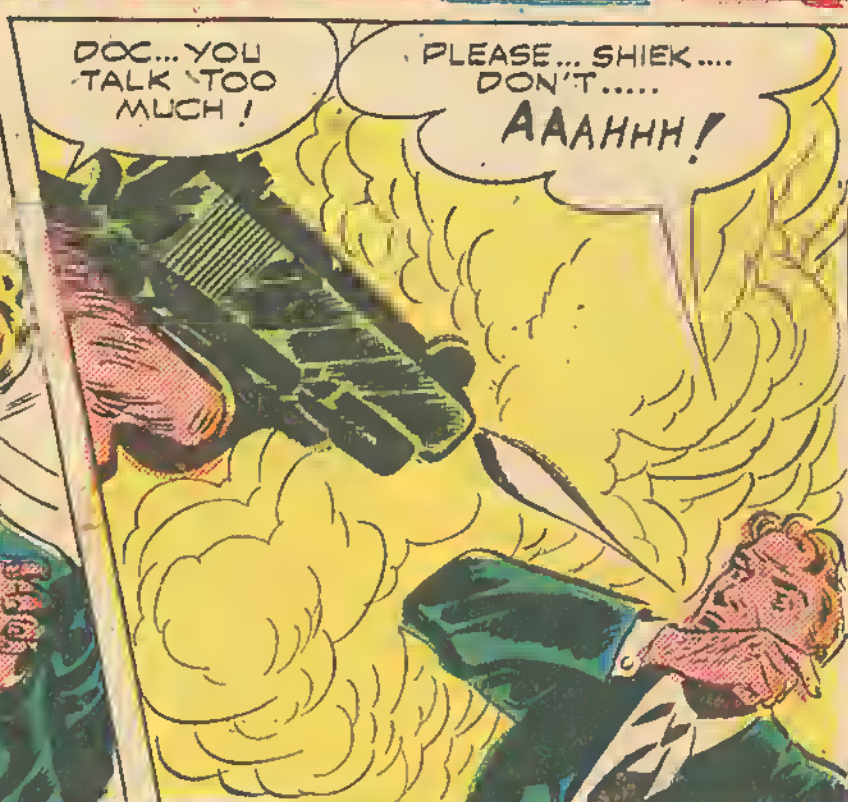
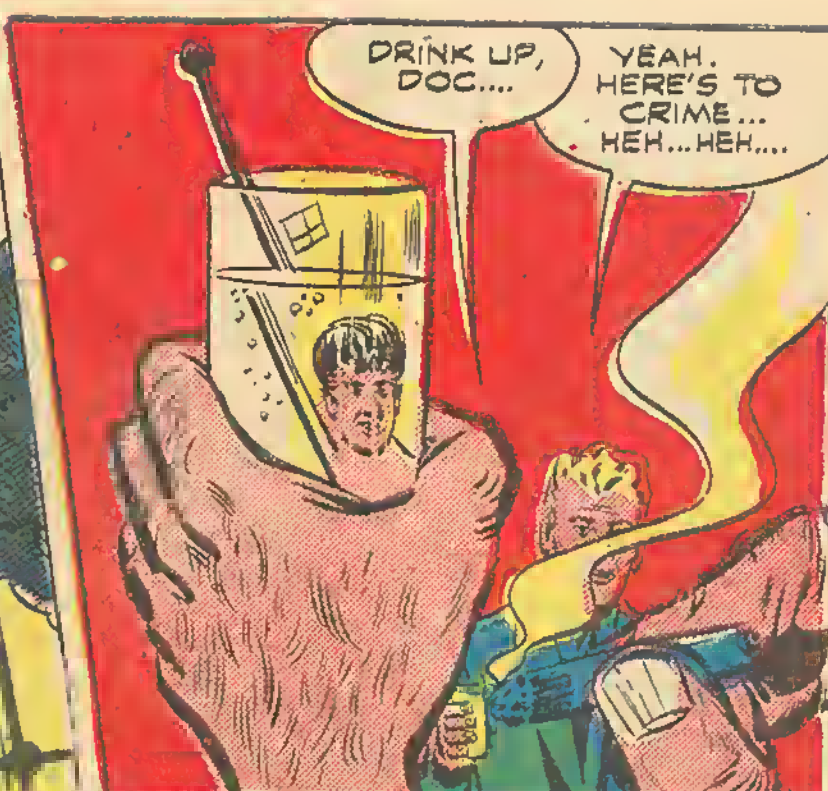
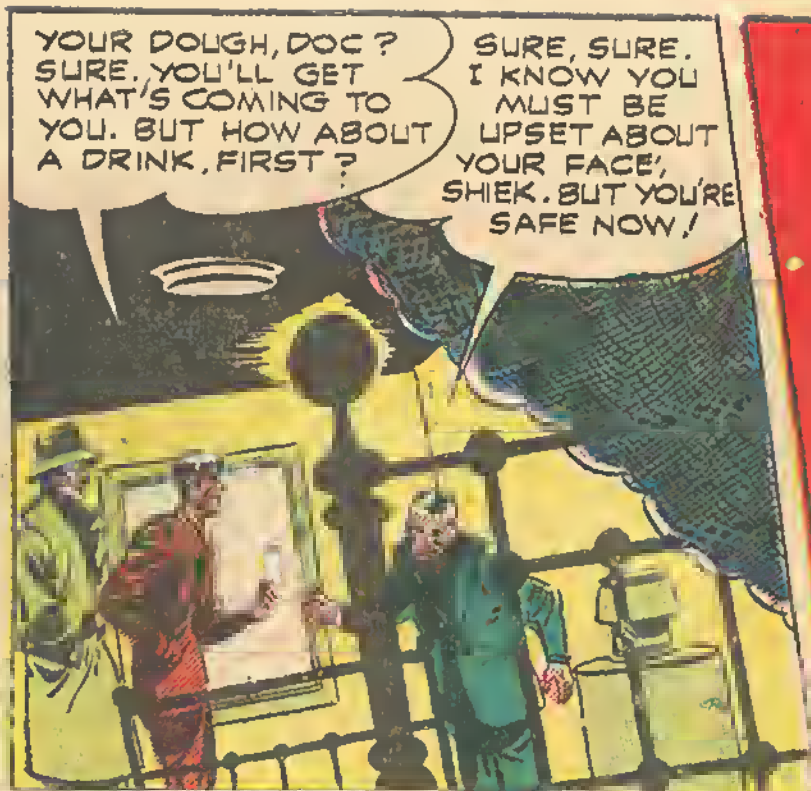


AAAH. YOU RAT ! YOU  
BUTCHER !! I COULD  
KILL YOU !



WHAT ARE YOU KICKING  
ABOUT ? THE G-MEN'LL  
NEVER RECOGNIZE YOU NOW.  
YOU LOOK LIKE A MOVIE  
STAR...IN A HORROR  
PICTURE. NOW GIVE  
ME MY DOUGH !







# CRIME ON THE HIGH SEAS

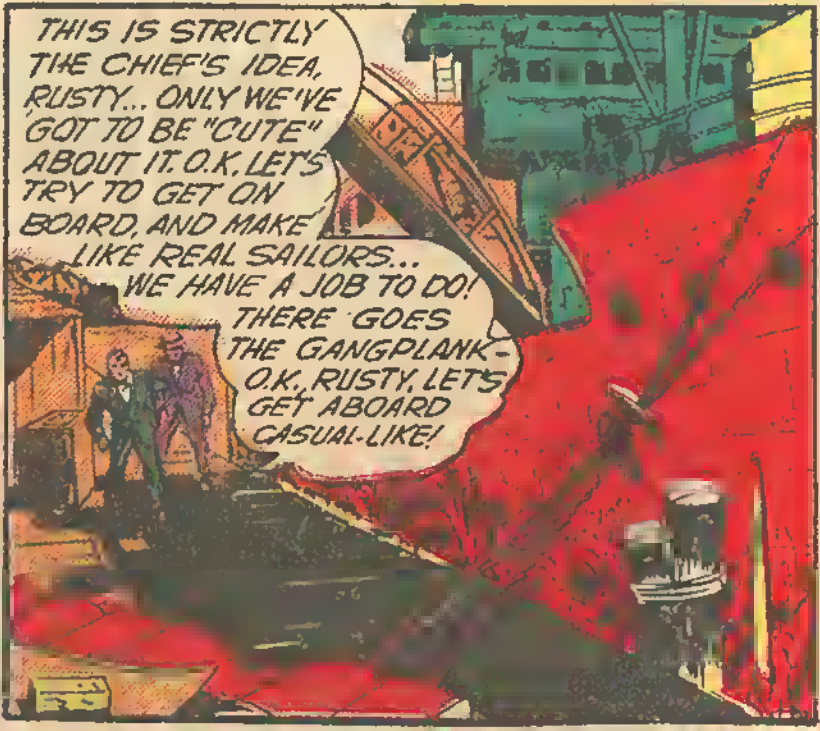
## GUN-RUNNERS' RACKET



COMING UPON THE HORIZON WAS A DOUBTFULL SHIP... ONE OF THOSE TRAMPS OF THE SEAS... AND IT WAS PETE RONSON AND HIS PAL RUSTY'S LUCK TO HAVE TO CARRY OUT AN INVESTIGATION FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S SPECIAL BUREAU...



THIS IS STRICTLY THE CHIEF'S IDEA, RUSTY... ONLY WE'VE GOT TO BE "CUTE" ABOUT IT. O.K. LET'S TRY TO GET ON BOARD, AND MAKE LIKE REAL SAILORS... WE HAVE A JOB TO DO! THERE GOES THE GANGPLANK - O.K., RUSTY, LET'S GET ABOARD CASUAL-LIKE!







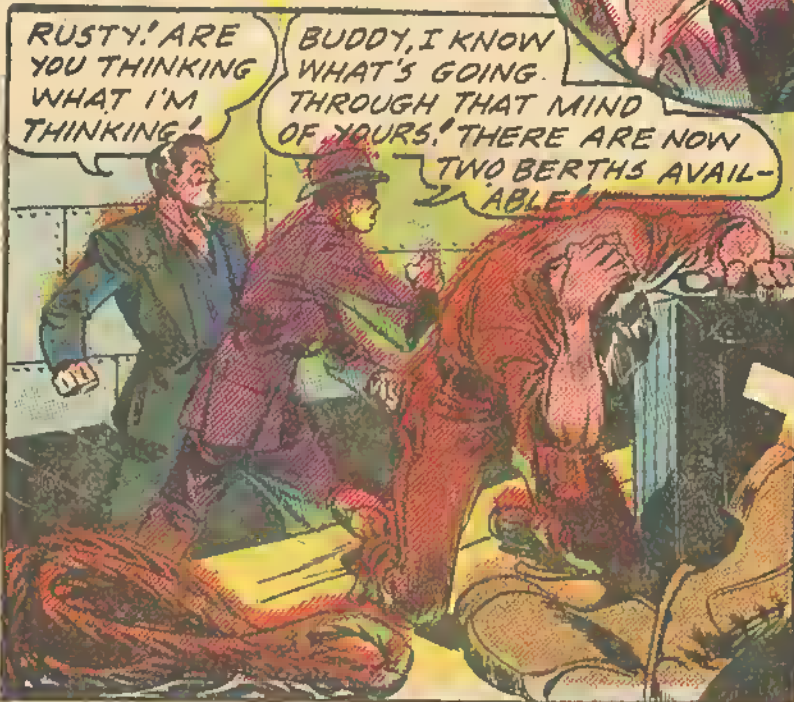
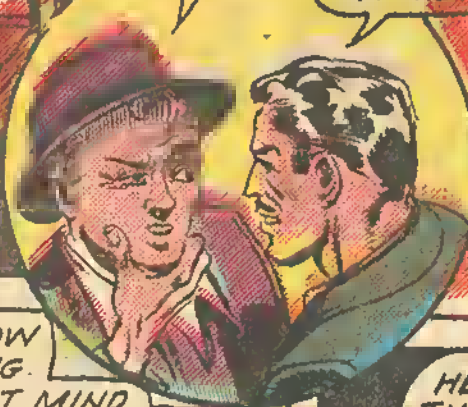
OH!

THIS IS THE END  
OF THE RIDE FOR  
YOU BUMS!

GIT OFFEN MUH  
BOAT AN' STAY  
OFF! WE AIN'T  
GOT USE FOR  
SOFTIES ABOARD  
THE "MAUDE  
MILLER"!

LOOKS LIKE  
THE BOYS  
HAD A LITTLE  
ARGUMENT!

YEAH! AND  
SOMEBODY  
TALKED  
WITH HIS  
HANDS!



RUSTY! ARE  
YOU THINKING  
WHAT I'M  
THINKING?

BUDDY, I KNOW  
WHAT'S GOING  
THROUGH THAT MIND  
OF YOURS! THERE ARE NOW  
TWO BERTHS AVAIL-  
ABLE!



HEY, MAC! I  
THINK YOU CAN  
USE TWO STURDY  
LADS, EH?

YOU GUYS  
WANT TO  
SHIP  
ABOARD?

YEAH, AND  
WE'RE  
CUTE, TOO!



I'M THE SKIPPER! THEY  
CALL ME BLACKIE  
HORNE! I'M TOUGH...  
YOU SEEN WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THEM GUYS,  
DIDN'T YA?  
THERE'S MORE  
WHERE  
THAT  
CAME  
FROM!



OOOH! THE  
BAD MAN  
SCARES  
ME!

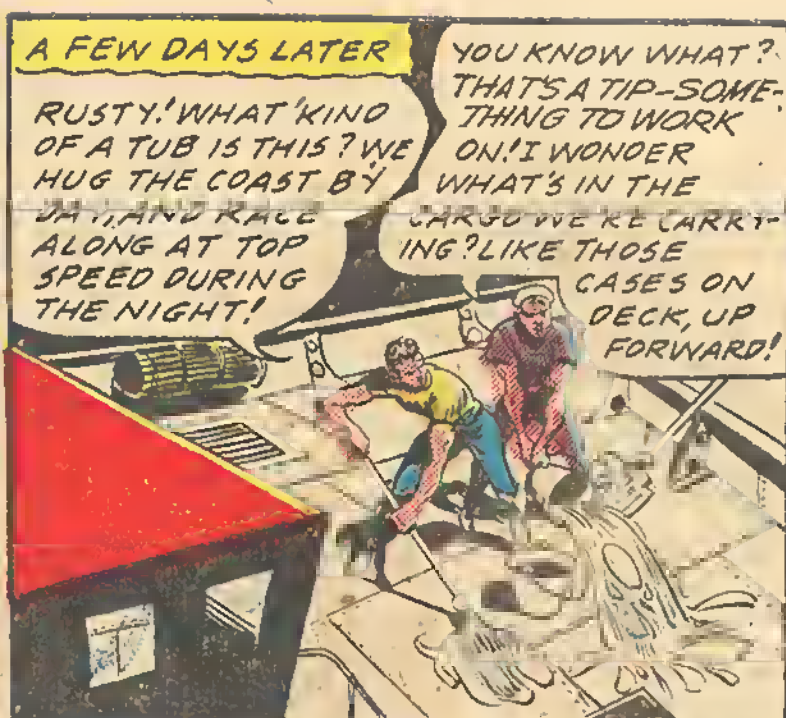
UH-HUH! LISTEN, MAC! WE  
CAN TAKE ANYTHING YOU  
CAN DISH OUT-- AND  
MORE! WILL YOU SHOW  
US OUR Q UARTERS?





MIKE! SHOW THESE TWO TO THE FOC'SLE!

THOSE BIRDS WILL BEAR SOME WATCHIN'!



A FEW DAYS LATER

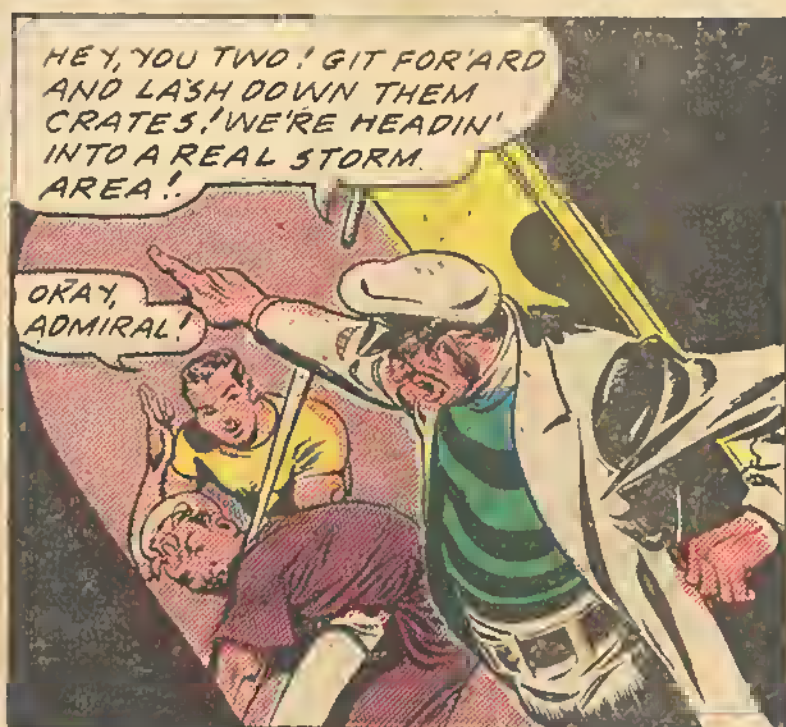
RUSTY! WHAT 'KIND OF A TUB IS THIS? WE HUG THE COAST BY DAY, AND RACE ALONG AT TOP SPEED DURING THE NIGHT!

YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S A TIP-SOMETHING TO WORK ON! I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE CARGO WE'RE CARRYING? LIKE THOSE CASES ON DECK, UP FORWARD!



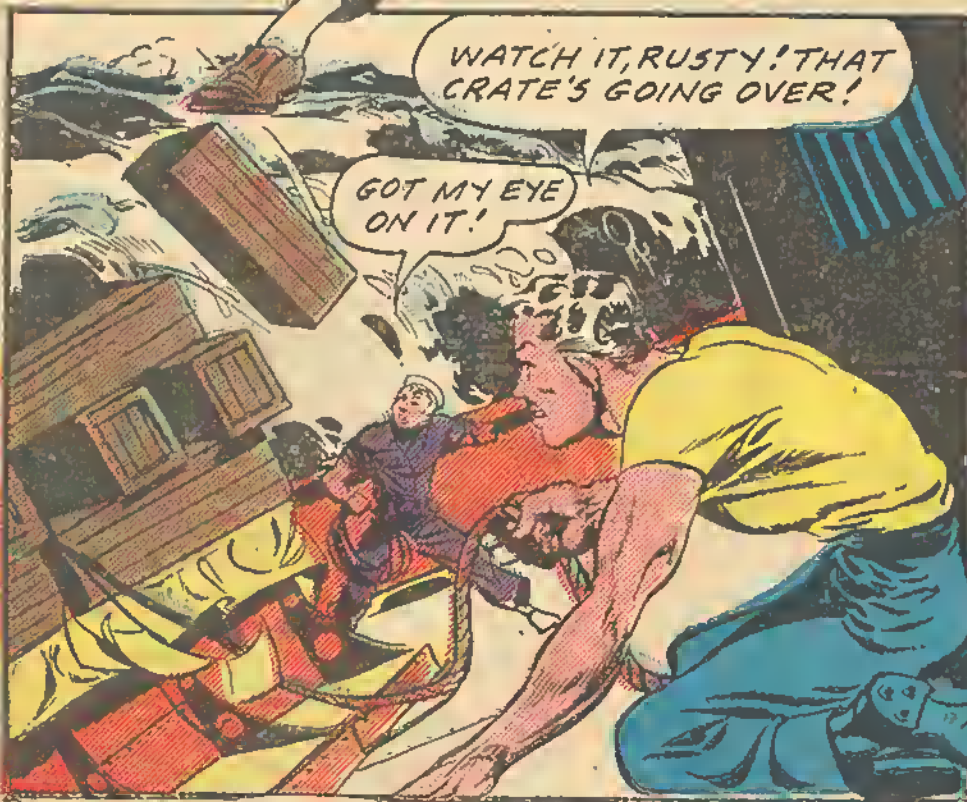
HMM, THAT GUY'S IN A HURRY! WONDER WHAT'S UP?

THE SKY'S DARKENING! I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW!



HEY, YOU TWO! GIT FOR'ARD AND LASH DOWN THEM CRATES! WE'RE HEADIN' INTO A REAL STORM AREA!

OKAY, ADMIRAL!



WATCH IT, RUSTY! THAT CRATE'S GOING OVER!

GOT MY EYE ON IT!



WOW!

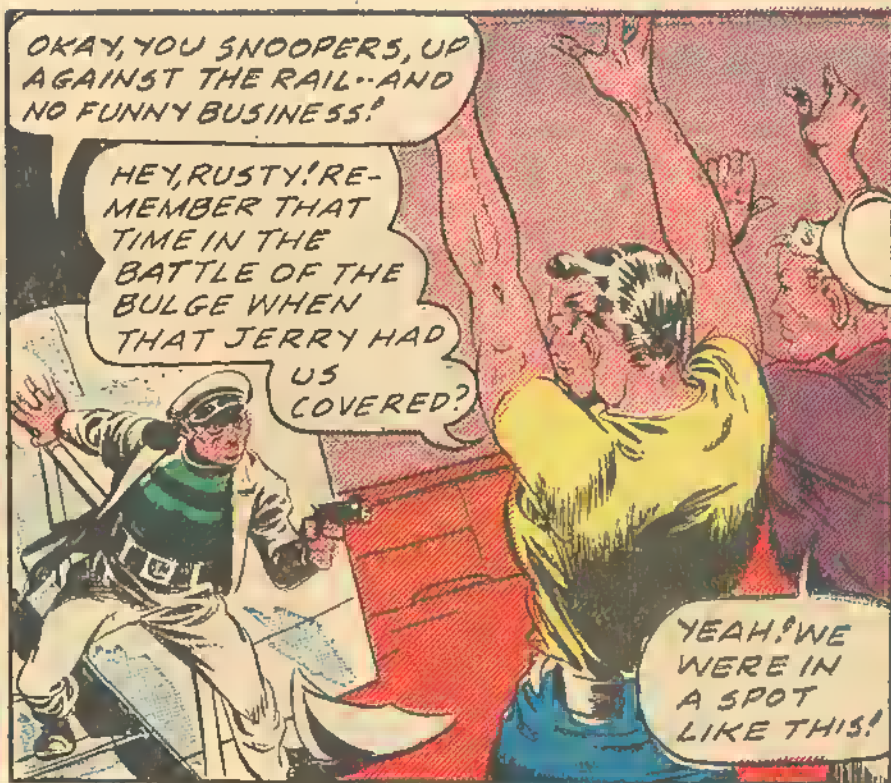
RIFLES! HOLY COW! WE'RE RUNNING GUNS!





GUNS IT IS, LADS!  
AND HERE'S ONE  
READY TO BLAST  
YOU BOTH TO  
KINGDOM COME!

HUH?



OKAY, YOU SNOOPERS, UP  
AGAINST THE RAIL--AND  
NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

HEY, RUSTY! RE-  
MEMBER THAT  
TIME IN THE  
BATTLE OF THE  
BULGE WHEN  
THAT JERRY HAD  
US  
COVERED?

YEAH! WE  
WERE IN  
A SPOT  
LIKE THIS!



I HIT HIM  
LOW!

AND I STEPPED  
ON HIS  
CORNS!



GOT 'IM!

YEOW!



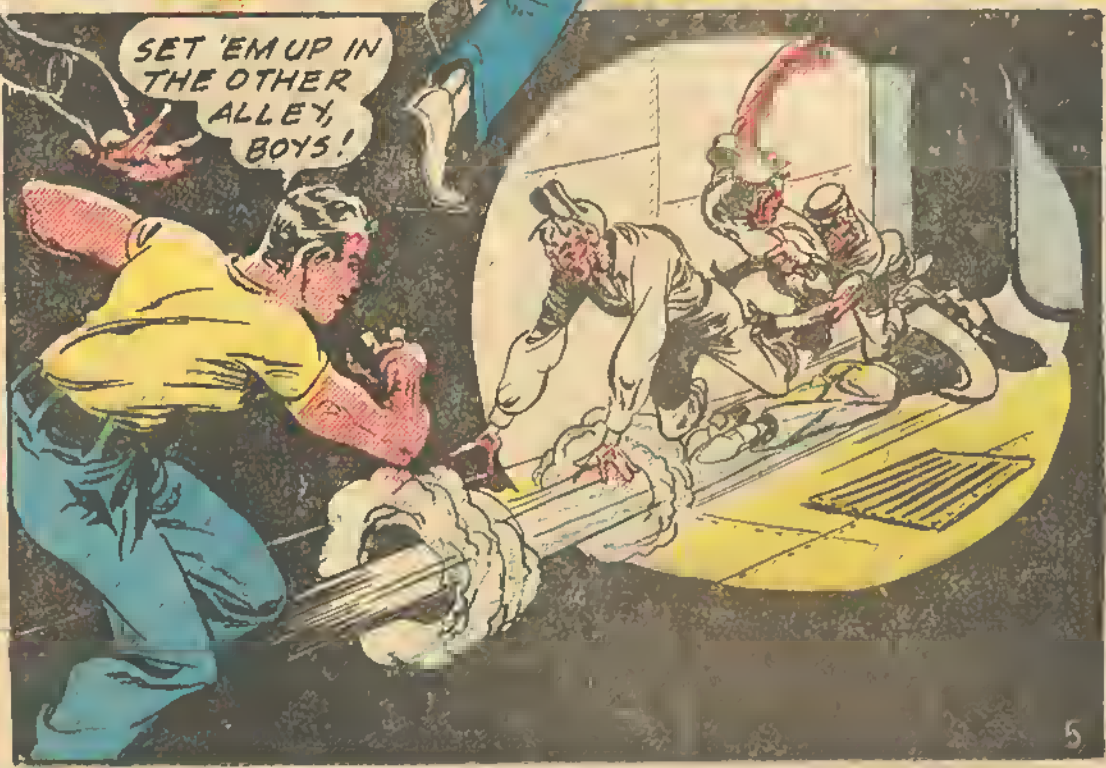
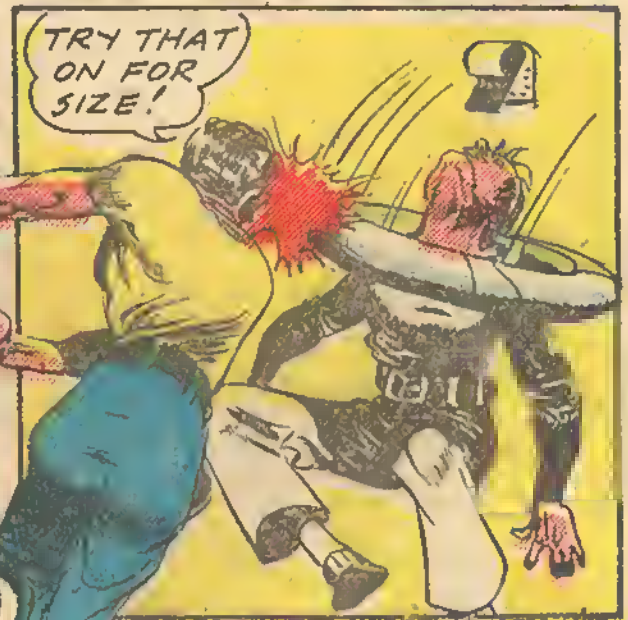
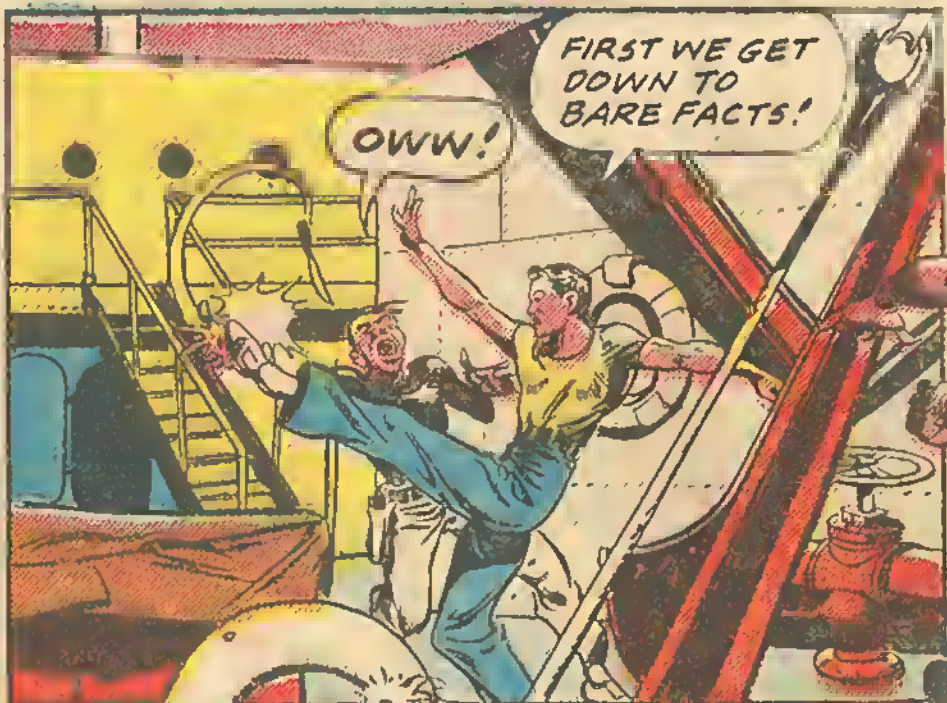
JEEPERS!  
THEY'RE FIGHTIN'  
BLACKIE!



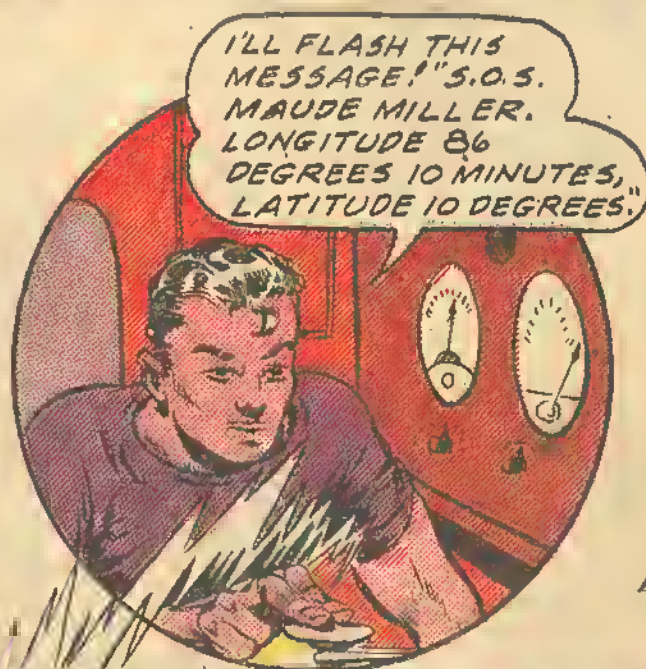
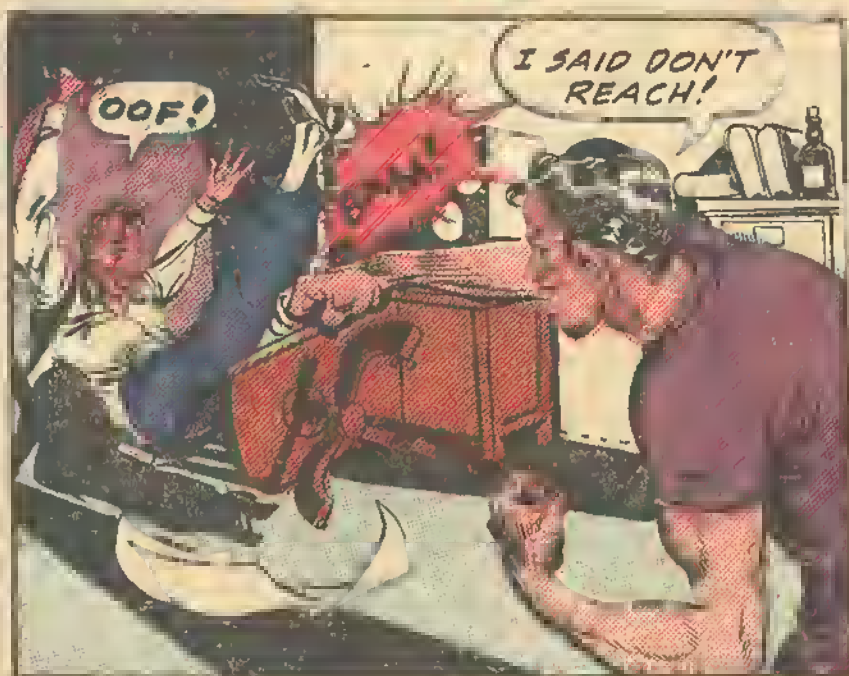
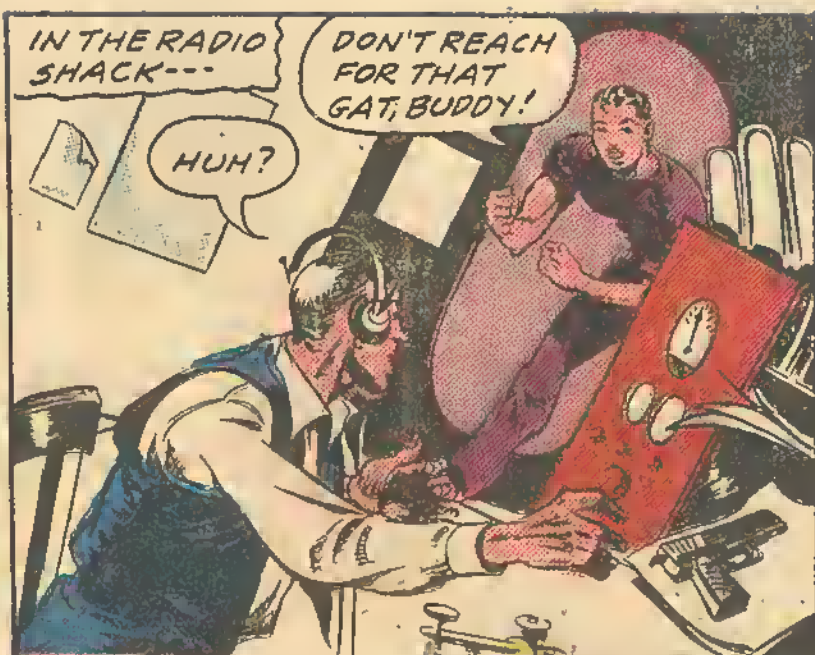
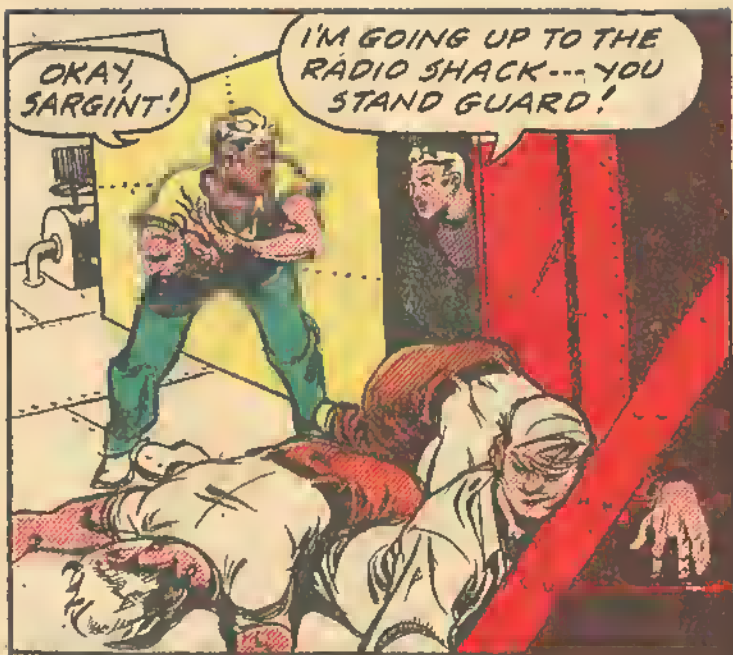
OKAY, BLACKIE,  
WE'LL TAKE  
OVER!

OH! OH!  
WE'VE GOT  
COMPANY!







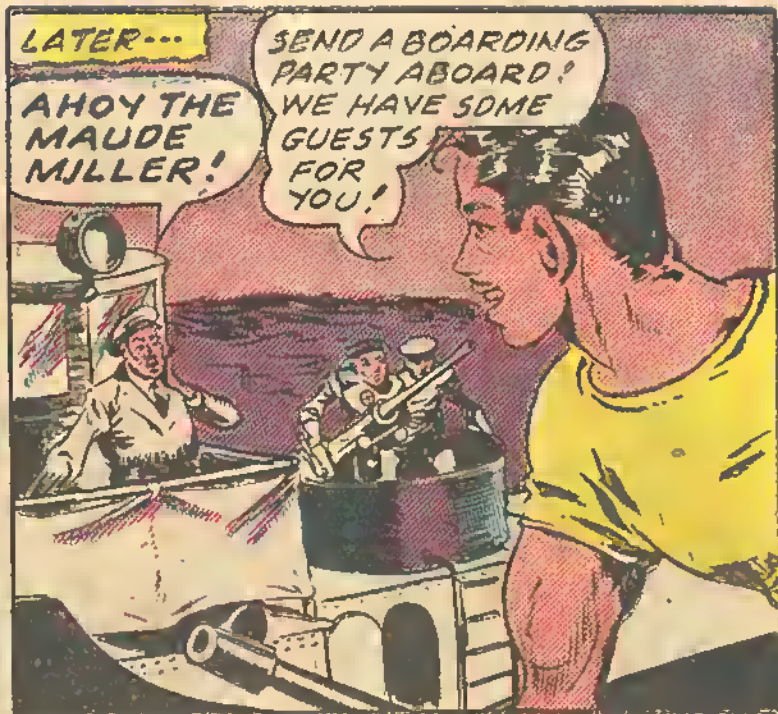






THAT CUSTOMS  
BOAT OUGHT TO  
BE HERE SOON!  
ANYWAY, THAT'S  
WHAT THEY  
SAID!

HOPE SO?  
I'M TIRED  
OF LOOK-  
ING AT  
THESE  
MONKEYS!



LATER...  
AHoy THE  
MAUDE  
MILLER!

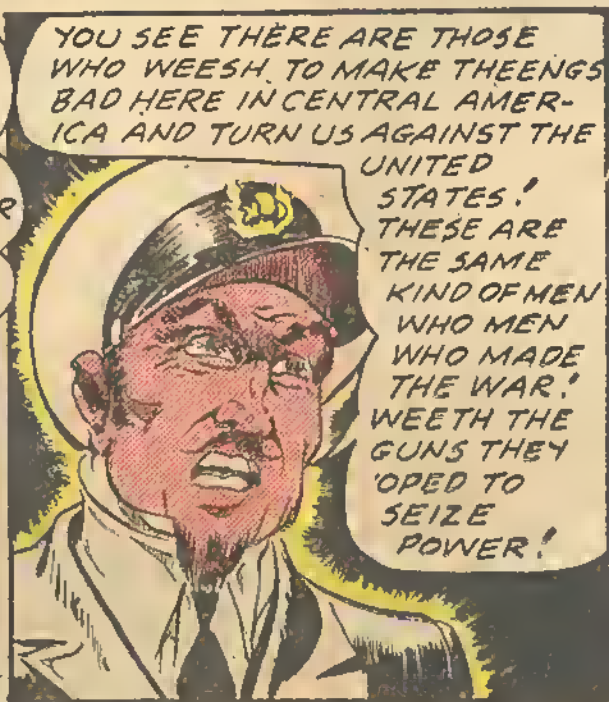
SEND A BOARDING  
PARTY ABOARD?  
WE HAVE SOME  
GUESTS  
FOR YOU!



THE CREW OF THE  
MAUDE MILLER  
IS ROUNDED UP--

THIS WHOLE TUB  
IS LOADED WITH  
GUNS, CAPTAIN!

AHA--THEES EEZ THE WAN  
WE ARE  
LOOKING FOR!  
WE'VE NEWS  
THAT A  
GUN RUNNER  
IS IN THE  
NEIGH-  
BORHOOD!



YOU SEE THERE ARE THOSE  
WHO WEESH TO MAKE THEENGs  
BAD HERE IN CENTRAL AMER-  
ICA AND TURN US AGAINST THE  
UNITED  
STATES!  
THESE ARE  
THE SAME  
KIND OF MEN  
WHO MEN  
WHO MADE  
THE WAR!  
WEETH THE  
GUNS THEY  
'OPED TO  
SEIZE  
POWER!



I WILL LEAVE A PRIZE CREW ABOARD  
AND TOW THEES BOAT INTO THE  
NEAREST PORT!

SWELL,  
CAPTAIN!



YOU KNOW, PETE, I LOVE  
THIS SEA LIFE SO  
MUCH, MAYBE THE  
CHIEF WOULD JUST  
LET US STAY HERE  
A GOOD WHILE--

RUSTY, YOU'RE  
A LOAFER. NEXT  
THING YOU KNOW,  
WE'LL BE ON A  
DIAMOND SMUG-  
GLING CASE... AT  
LEAST--



# Johnny Bellows

## city detective

JOHNNY BELLWS HAS  
BECOME CITY DETECTIVE  
TEACH A DOUBLE D-UP  
HOLD-UP MEN A LESSON  
STOPPED A RAGGED GUY OF TALK  
GUNS!



IN THE GARAGE OF THE ACME TAXI COMP-  
ANY, EARLY ONE MORNING....

HI, JOHNNY...  
WHAT'S WITH  
THE CITY'S  
BEST  
DETECTIVE?

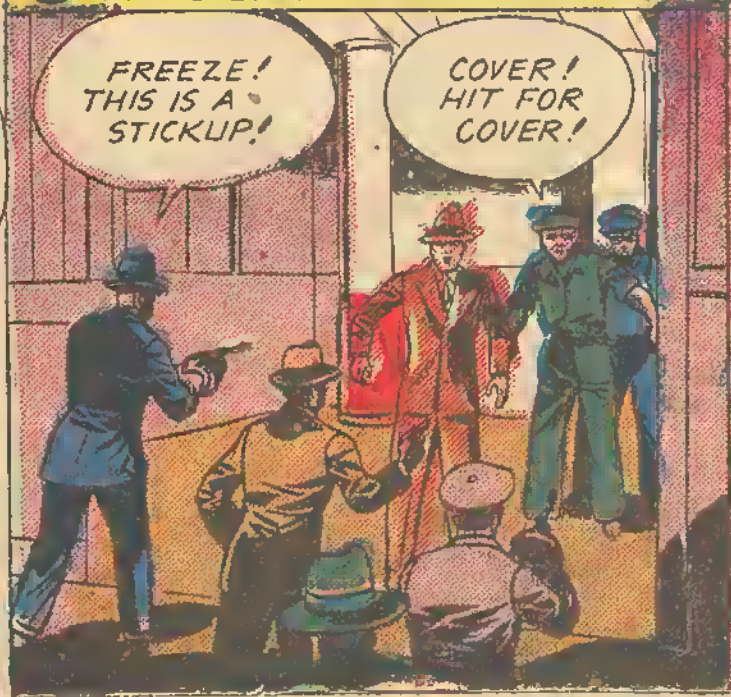
NOTHING NEW... JUST  
THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO  
SAY HELLO TO YOU EX-DOG  
FACES... AND SEE WHETHER  
YOU'RE GETTING USED TO  
WALKING PAST BRASS WITH-  
OUT SALUTING!



UNEXPECTED VISITORS DROP IN....

FREEZE!  
THIS IS A  
STICKUP!

COVER!  
HIT FOR  
COVER!







NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO HIT FOR A SLIT TRENCH AGAIN!

OOF! THIS GREASE..



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? I SAID THIS IS A STICKUP!

DEY ALL DISAPPEARED!



LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

WITH PLEASURE!



THERE THEY GO! I'LL SEND IN AN ALARM FOR THEM.

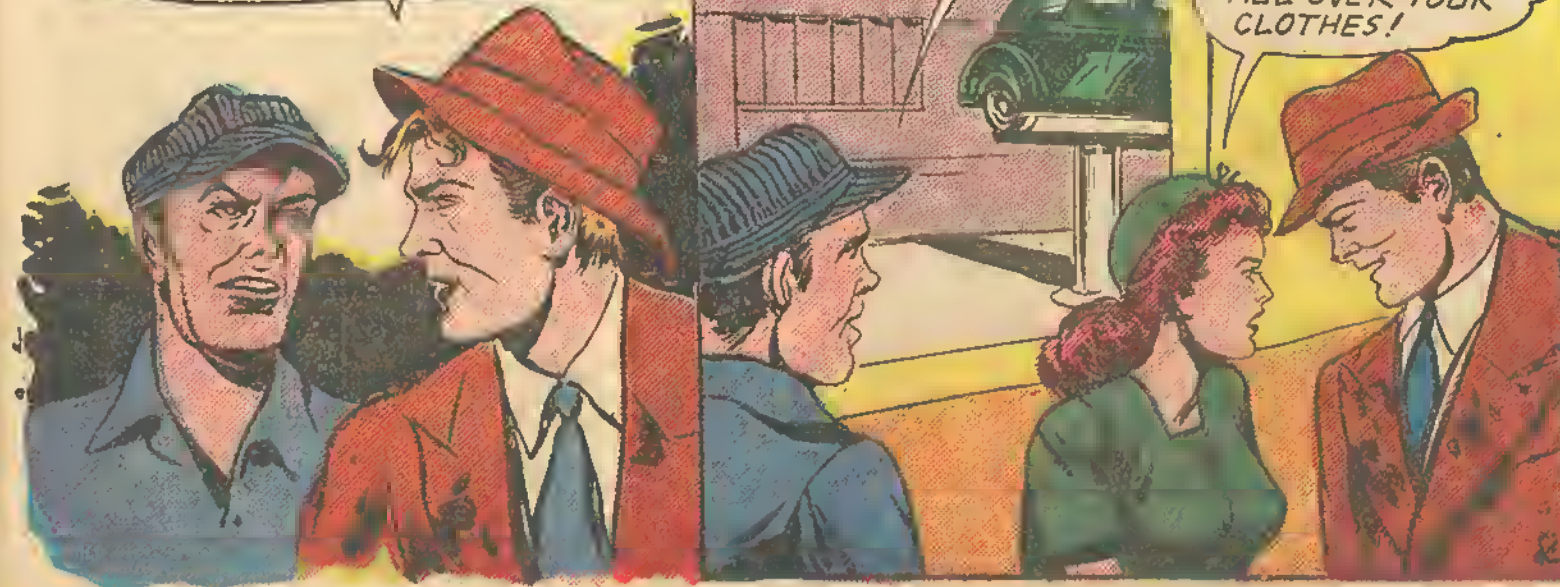
WE COULD CHASE 'EM..

NO.. THEY'RE ARMED AND YOU BOYS AREN'T.. NO USE STICKING YOUR NECKS OUT! WE'LL GET 'EM... AND WHEN WE DO....

LITTLE LATER.

LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOYS... THE PRESS!

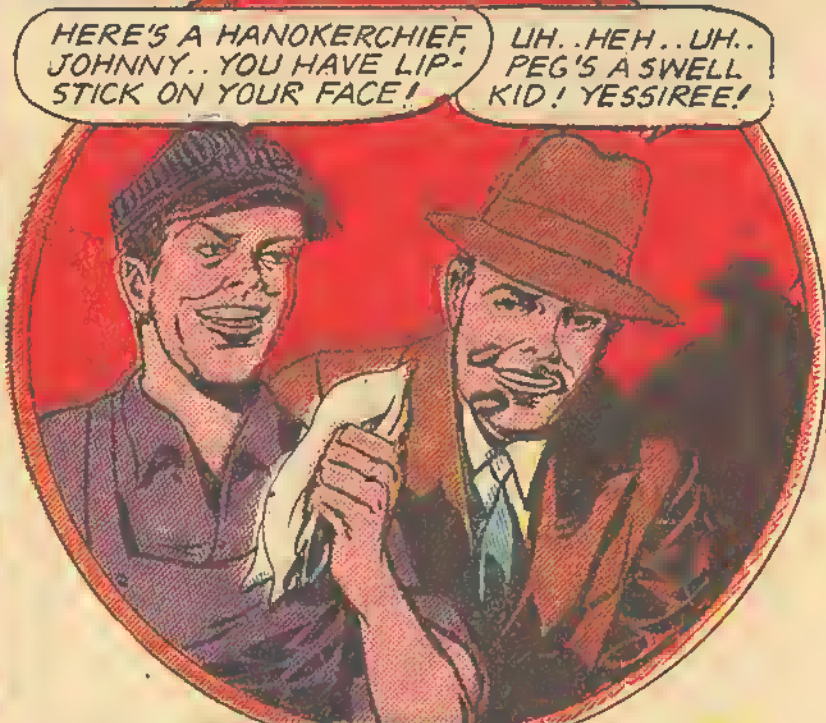
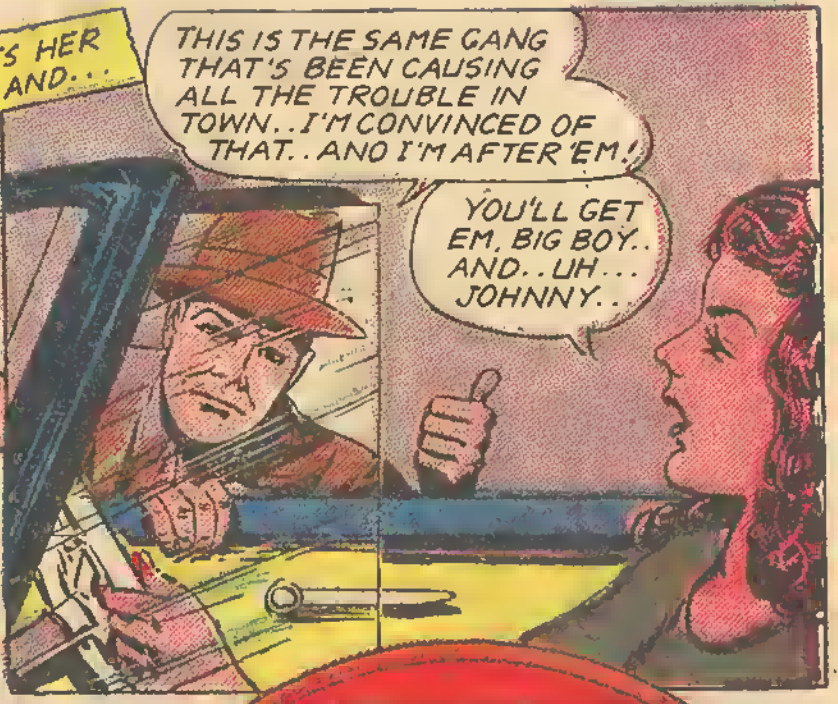
HI, FELLARS! WHY JOHNNY.. WHAT- EVER HAPPENED? YOU HAVE GREASE ALL OVER YOUR CLOTHES!



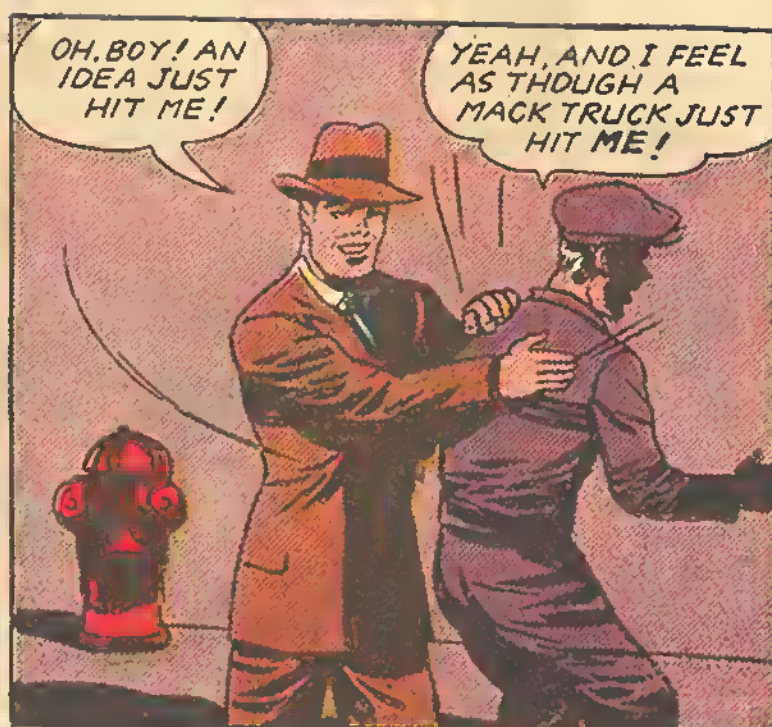
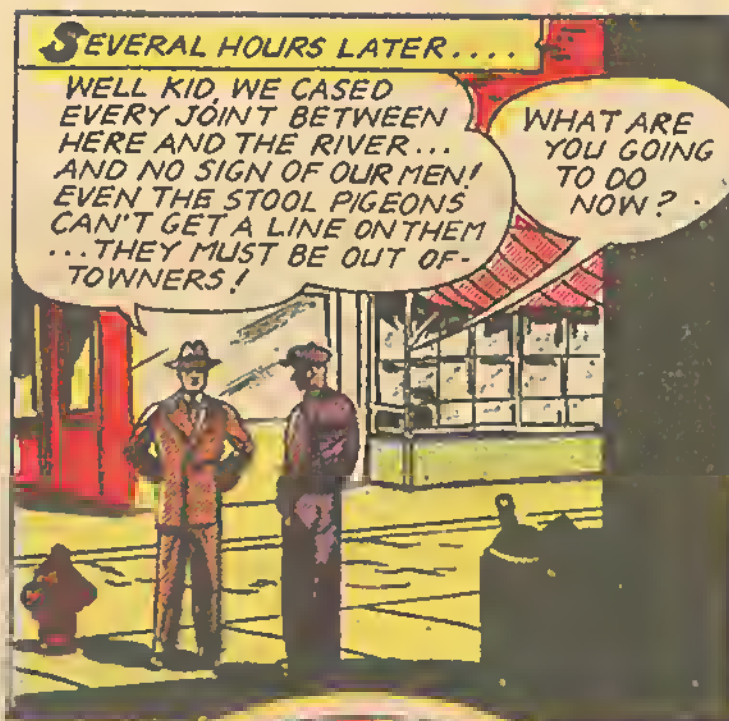




PEG GETS HER STORY AND...









MISS SUSAN SMYTHE, WELL KNOWN SOCIAL-  
ITE, WILL WEAR THE FAMOUS TARNIS  
SAPPHIRE BRACELET AT A RECEPTION TO  
BE HELD THIS EVENING IN THE CORAL  
ROOM OF THE HOTEL  
NORRIS!

THAT'S FOR  
US, KID!

MEANWHILE  
JOHNNY LAYS  
THE GROUNDWORK  
FOR TRAPPING THE  
CROOKS.....

FAIR  
ENOUGH!

NOW YOU, TIMMY  
WILL BE THE  
HEAD WAITER  
...PEG IS MISS  
SUSAN SMYTH  
THE HEIRESS  
OUR GUESTS  
WILL BE  
COPS...

LATER THAT  
EVENING...THE  
CORAL ROOM OF  
THE HOTEL NORRIS..

TIMMY YOU STATION YOUR-  
SELF AT THE DOOR AT ALL  
TIMES SO THAT YOU CAN SEE  
WHAT IS GOING ON!

RIGHT!

MEANWHILE...

OKAY BOYS..  
HERE WE ARE  
AT THE NORRIS  
..LET'S GO IN!

THE CORAL'S  
ON THE  
THIRD  
FLOOR!

WE'RE PART  
OF THE BAND..  
THE OTHERS'LL  
BE HERE  
SOON!

OKAY!



JOHNNY'S PLAN WORKS . . . .

QUIET EVERYBODY!  
THIS IS A STICK UP!



NOBODY'S GETTING  
HELD UP TONIGHT,  
BUDDY!



THAT'S FOR  
THE GREASE  
SPOT!



DON'T MOVE...  
ANY OF YOU  
GUYS!

WE  
SURRENDER!



AND THAT'S THAT...  
THEY'LL PULL NO  
MORE HOLOUPS FOR  
A LONG TIME TO COME!



I'LL PHONE  
IN THE  
STORY!

JUST A  
MOMENT,  
YOUNG  
LADY!!



THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
I WANT TO  
PAY BACK!

MMMM...  
NICE...  
NICE...  
NICE...





# DANGEROUS DOUGH

RAIN rattled at the windshield and the wipers made a flashing arc before Casey's eyes, as he watched the narrow road unwinding before the nose of the car.

"Tough night," Casey muttered to the stranger beside him. "Can't imagine anyone having to go anywhere in weather like this. Take me for instance . . ."

"You can let me out at that little road," the stranger interrupted, his voice, like himself, small and pinched. "I can walk from there . . ."

"No trouble," Casey growled good naturedly. "I wouldn't expect anyone to walk any further than they had to in weather like this. If I can get into the road—you got a place back there, Mister?"

"Mister" didn't answer at once and Casey took a quick look out the corner of his eyes. The man was crouched against the door, wizened-up looking and scared. Something about his voice, his nervousness, caught Casey's attention.

"Yes," he whispered finally. "I—I've got a place in there. But that's why — you see, I didn't want anyone to know—that I'm going here. I—please let me out!"

Funny, Casey thought as he pulled the car to the side, watched thoughtfully as the little man opened the door and disappeared into the swirling rain.

CASEY drove on. For a few moments his thoughts were occupied with his odd passenger. He'd picked the guy up along the road leading out from the village. Casey knew just about everyone in town. This fellow was a stranger. The train from the city had gone through just a little while before. Casey had been there to meet it, expecting his partner back from a trip, but Casey remembered that no one had alighted. So it couldn't be he'd come with the train. . .

"Holy smoke," Casey gasped. His eyes had seen the package then, and automatically he stopped again. It was a neat package, done up in brown wrapping paper. It was small, tucked down at the back of the seat as if it had slipped from the stranger's pocket and lodged there.

Casey picked it up. His stubby strong fin-

gers worked it gently, found it pliant. Curiosity nudged him and he carefully tore one corner open. A moment later his breath came in a gasp of surprise.

The package contained currency, sheaves of green-backs. Depending upon their denomination, there could be a fortune here. At least there was a sizable hunk of dough no one would leave lying around just anywhere . . .

Resolutely, Casey turned the car around, started back. A sense of uneasiness touched him as he peered out, looking for the road where he'd dropped his recent passenger. It wouldn't be easy to find—

"Uh," Casey grunted. "That's it."

The road was almost impassable. It wound and twisted in and out of the low hills, up and down through tangled low-lands where the car bogged down and once or twice almost stayed. Eventually, by expert use and judgment, Casey brought the machine up through the trees and saw the faint reflection of windows in a house before him. As he drew closer, he saw there was a light in one room on the first floor.

Still aware of his uneasiness, Casey stopped the car. He left the package shoved behind the seat, got out and climbed the stairs to the door. He knocked, the sound echoing dimly inside. Nothing happened and he knocked again. Still nothing happened.

A moment later Casey was inside, was in the doorway of the lighted room—

His eyes were fixed upon the still body, lying in the center of the floor. The body of the little stranger, the face and shoulders blood-stained, the eyes closed.

Casey advanced and knelt. His stubby fingers probed the wrist of the man. A moment later Casey stood up. The little guy was still alive. Casey drew a breath of relief—

"What's cooking?"

At the sound of the voice Casey's stocky body spun. He saw the two men facing him, both with revolvers in their hands. Narrow faced guys with intense dark eyes that seemed to reflect the light of the room greenly.



"What're you doing here?" one of them demanded, his lips writhing faintly over the words.

Casey hesitated, feeling the tension of his body increasing. "I—came for him." He indicated the man on the floor. "He told me to pick him up here again."

One of the men advanced, swiftly patted Casey up and down. His face wore a shade of uneasiness as he stepped back, eyes narrowing to slits. Over his shoulder he addressed his companion. "Jimmy, go out and look this guy's crate over. Maybe . . . it's in there!"

For a moment silence fell, broken now and then by the gusty wind. The uneasiness left Casey, prompted in part by the realization that he'd unwittingly gotten himself into this mess and must get out again. Aside from feeling sorry for the man on the floor, Casey knew his own position was dangerous.

"I suppose you know this guy's dead," Casey lied to the remaining man. "Or doesn't it matter?"

"Dead?" The gunman advanced slowly, frowning. For a moment his attention was divided as he leaned forward to peer closer at the crumpled figure—

Casey's foot went out, caught the gun hand of the man before him. The guy cried out sharply, stumbled back, his face twisted with surprise and anger—

Swiftly Casey followed his attack. His heavy fists, accustomed to twisting and wrestling with machinery, sent the man into a twisted unconscious heap.

Snatching up the fallen revolver, Casey whirled just as his former passenger struggled to a sitting position. He whispered, "Thank goodness you got *one*. They've been black-mailing me. The money—"

"In the car," Casey snapped. "The other one is out there now."

"Everything is ruined!" the little man moaned. "I'd have lost home, family, position, everything. I came to buy them off. When I didn't have the money—"

Casey turned swiftly toward a window. This was no time to hesitate. He snatched the sash open, slid out and dropped. His feet sank deep into the mud at the side of the house.

His car was down the narrow driveway. He darted toward it, gun ready, nerves tensed. The car was empty. Swiftly he probed behind the front seat.

The package was gone!

From behind the building came the sadder hum of a motor. Casey tensed. Evidently Jimmy had found the money, perhaps seen the new twist of affairs inside the house, and was going to make a get-away, leaving his partner . . .

Casey's hand fumbled for the spotlight switch. He snapped it on, flooding the driveway toward the rear of the building with intense white light. Rain drops fell like dots of ice. He whirled, plunged across the narrow space and pressed himself against the wall.

The drive was narrow. There was room only on this side for the car to pass. Jimmy would see the spotlight, and when he passed—

The sound of a motor roared into life. Headlights blasted a white tunnel down the drive. The machine whirled down into the narrow alley between Casey's car and the porch. It slowed suddenly. Shots spattered out. Casey knew, with a twinge of regret, that Jimmy had opened fire upon Casey's car, figuring he was in it—

The sedan lurched into the narrow space, bounced as the brakes were applied. It was almost up against Casey. Swiftly he grabbed at the door, ripped it open and vaulted in.

Jimmy, gun in hand, was staring out at Casey's car. He jerked around, his face a snarl of surprise and fear—

Casey's big fist rocketed out and Jimmy's head crashed back against the door with crushing force. His gun hand wilted. His body slumped down behind the wheel.

Drawing a deep breath, Casey pulled up the emergency brake. Thoughtfully he dug out the packet of money from Jimmy's inside pocket. Fingering it, Casey relaxed. He was glad it was safe. The little guy inside would no doubt have some explaining to do to the cops in order to get the whole affair straightened out. But with the criminals behind bars and his money safe, the rest should be easy.

And Casey was glad the money belonged to the little fellow. It had become too dangerous for Casey to want for his own.

—By Justin D. Triem



# JUSTICE ON THE HOPE

STEADY, WHOA BOYS, STEADY!

BEFORE THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER CAME INTO THE OPEN SPACES OF THE OLD WEST, MANY A HARDY PIONEER HAD TO BE JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER FOR HIMSELF AND SOMETIMES THE PUNISHMENT THEY HANDED OUT WAS POETICALLY FITTED TO THE CRIME...

IS HE DEAD?

DON'T THINK SO... JUST CREASED!

LAND'S FREE... GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE AS YOU, CLEM BARROW....

HE'S DELIRIOUS! GET HIM OUTTA THE SUN!



**AN HOUR LATER....**

YOU SAY YER PLACE IS IN BROAD VALLEY, EH? THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'!

BETTER WATCH OUT FER CLEM BARROW. HE WANTS THE WHOLE VALLEY FER HIMSELF. AN' THERE AINT NO LAW TO STOP HIM!

HE SHOT YA WHEN YA WOULDN'T SCARE OFF THE RANGE, EH?

YEP...LEFT ME FER DEAD! BUT-I DIDN'T DIE...AN' I'M GOIN' BACK!

THAT'S THE STUFF SON! COME ALONG WITH US!

GLAD TO, MISTER, MEBBY BETWEEN US WE CAN LICK CLEM BARROW!

WELL, HERE'S THE VALLEY! SAAAY, ... WHAT'S THAT SIGN?

UMMM...IT WASN'T THERE THIS MORNIN'!

PULL IN, FOLKS! HAUL THEM WAGONS IN!

WE'RE CAMPIN' HERE TONIGHT, AN' SIGN OR NO SIGN--WE'RE STAYIN'!

RIGHT! WE'RE WITH YA!

**HOMESTEDERS  
KEEP OUT!  
THIS IS OUR ONE  
AND ONLY  
WARNING.  
CLEM BARROW.**



THAT NIGHT...

SURE THERE IS... BUT HE DOESN'T THINK SO! GUESS HE'S TAKEN THE FEW HEAD I HAD BY NOW.

THIS IS A PRETTY VALLEY. AN' I THINK THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM HERE FOR OUR HOMES AND BARROW'S CATTLE TOO!

HORSES COMIN' THIS A WAY FAST!

THAT'LL BE BARROW AN' HIS MEN!

SO YA DONT BELIEVE IN SIGNS, HUH! RIDE 'EM DOWN, BOYS!

THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO DRIVE US OFF!

FIRE THE WAGONS! SCATTER THE HORSES!

DIRTY MURDERERS!

OOOHH!  
MY BABY!  
MY BABY!





BABIES AND WOMEN,  
MURDERED!

THEY'RE TOO  
STRONG FOR  
US, MAC... BUT  
I'M GONNA FOL-  
LOW 'EM!



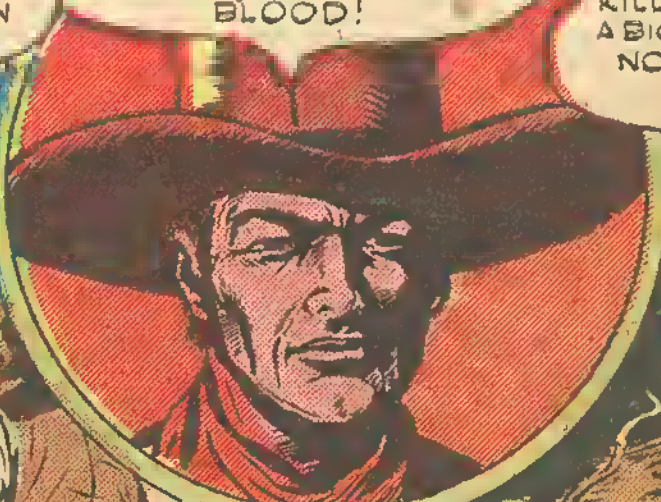
ROUND UP SOME  
HORSES, MAC, WE  
MAY NEED 'EM  
WHEN I GET  
BACK!

AN HOUR LATER  
RACE  
RETURNS

MAC,  
GET THE MEN  
TOGETHER!

MEN... WE CAN RID THE  
RANGE OF BARROW AN'  
HIS KILLERS IF YOU'RE  
WILLIN' TO SPILL A LITTLE  
BLOOD!

HERE'S THE CURVE OF  
THE RIVER... HERE'S THE  
KILLERS CAMP... AN' HERE'S  
A BIG HERD OF CATTLE.  
NOW HERE'S THE PLAN!



MINUTES  
LATER...

LET'S GO, MEN.  
THIS TIME IT'S  
OUR TURN!

RACE LEADS HIS  
LITTLE BAND OF  
AVENGERS INTO  
THE NIGHT...

SPREAD OUT NOW... AN'  
REMEMBER, WHEN THIS  
GOES OFF, START  
SHOOTIN'!

NOBODY IN SIGHT.  
RACE, HERE'S A  
STICK OF DYNAMITE!







THERE SHE BLOWS!  
START SHOOTIN'!

**CRASH!**



VAHO000!  
RUN DOGIES!

WAHO00!

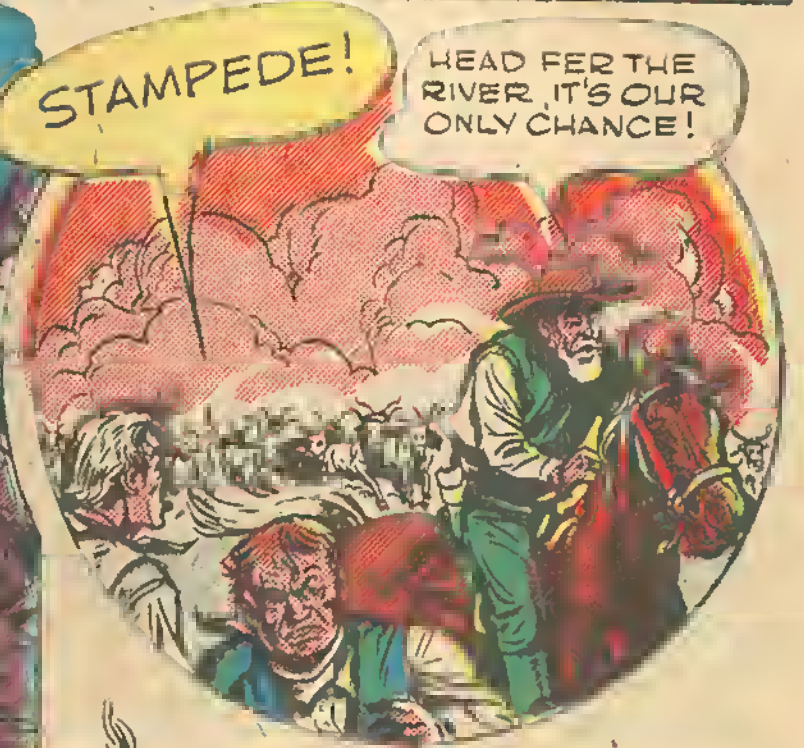
VIPEEEEE!



AND IN  
BARROWS  
CAMP...

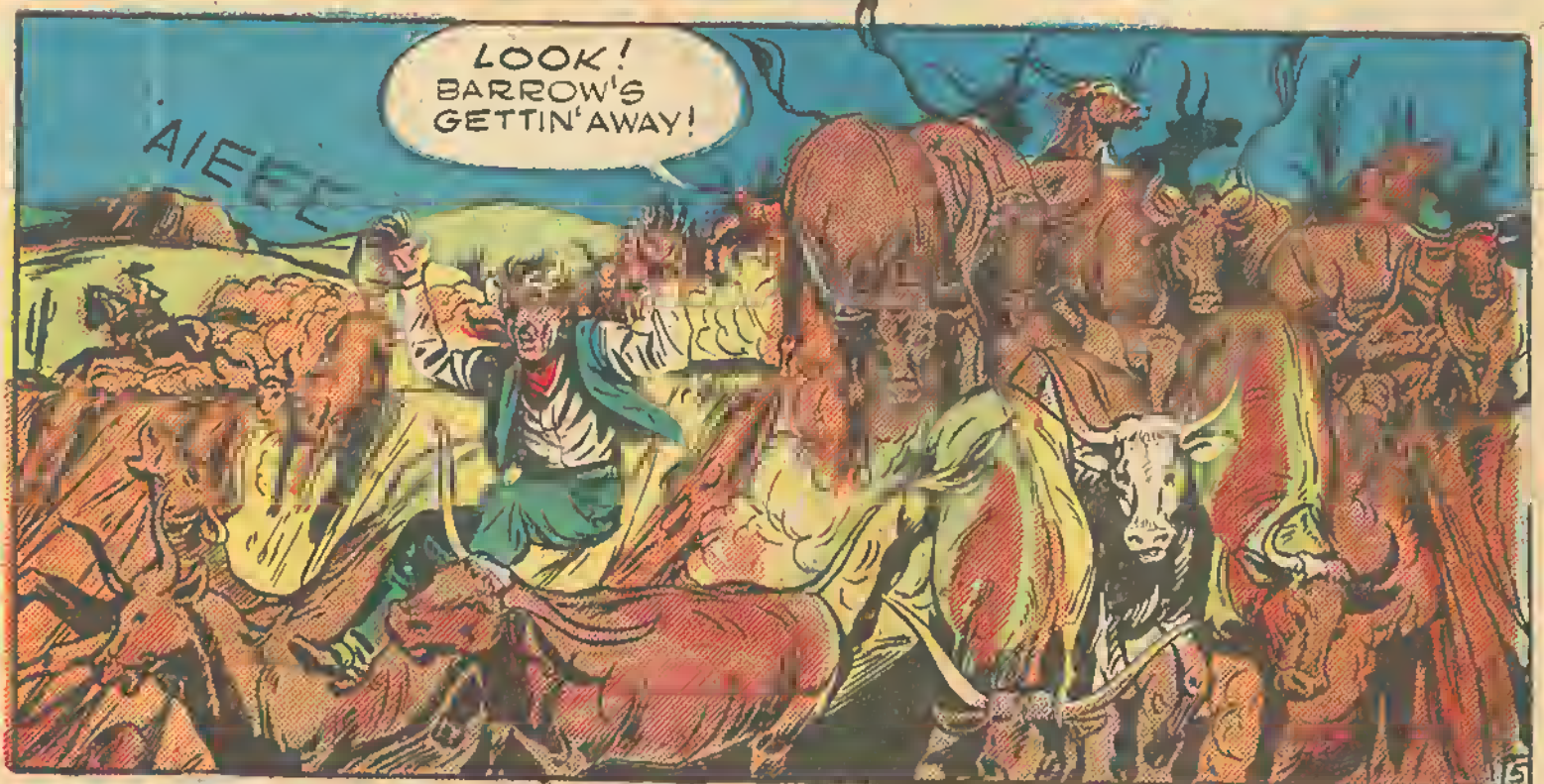
HEY!  
LOOK!

WHAT'S ALL  
THIS  
RUMPUS!



**STAMPEDE!**

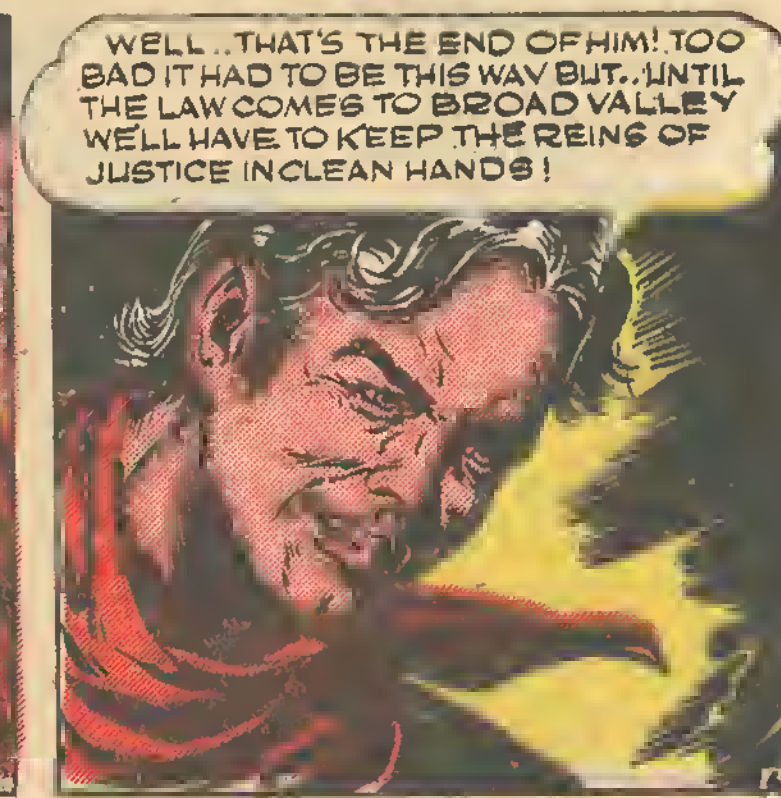
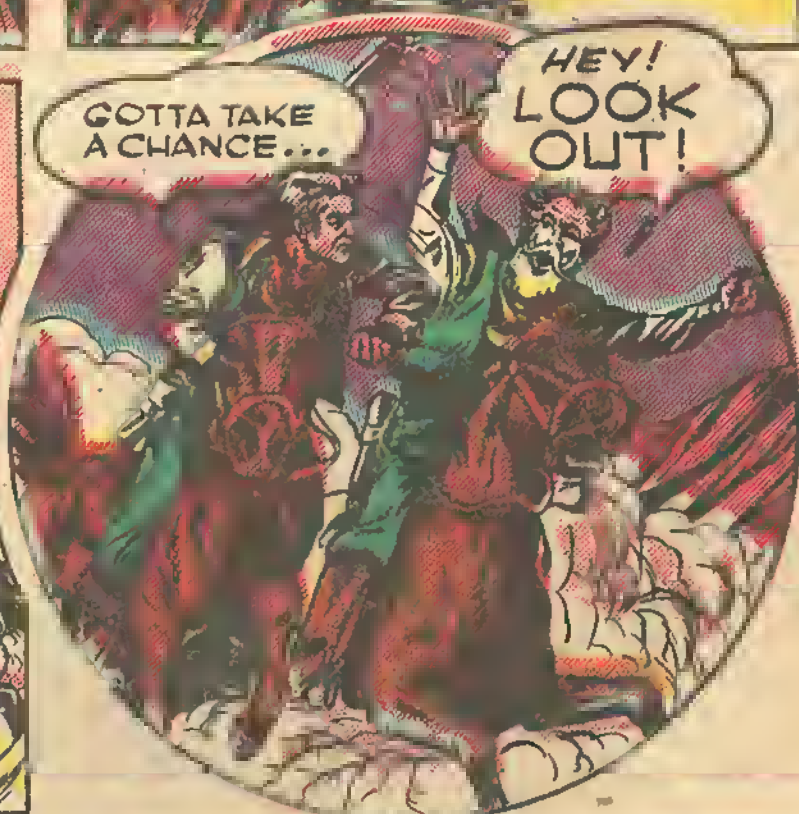
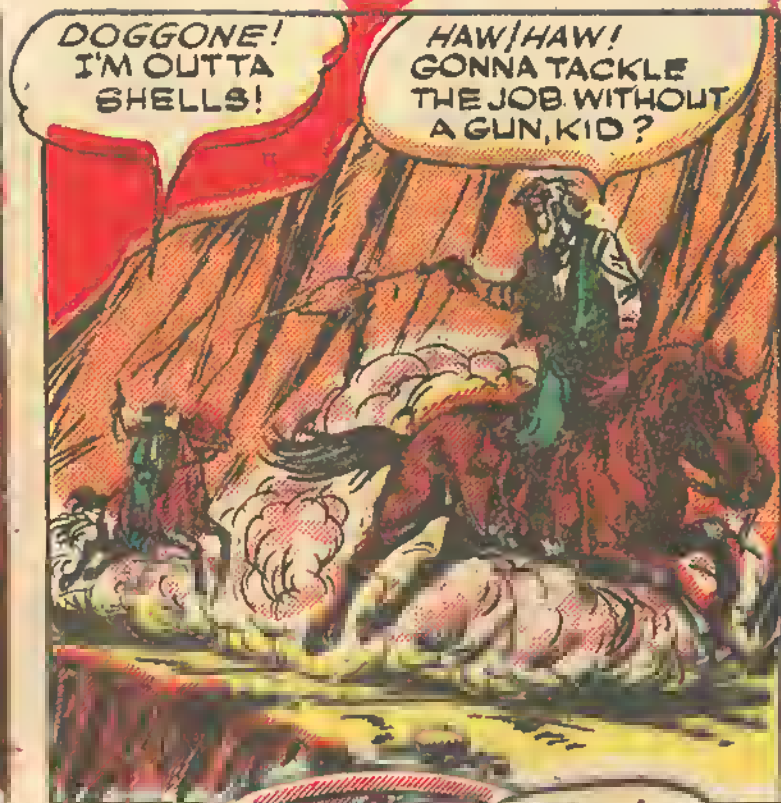
HEAD FER THE  
RIVER, IT'S OUR  
ONLY CHANCE!



LOOK!  
BARROW'S  
GETTIN' AWAY!

AIEEE







# DEATH

# TAKES THE WHEEL

ANY WRECKS TODAY?  
ANY SMASHED CARS? ANY  
DEAD MEN? AN AUTOMOBILE  
RACING SPEEDWAY MIGHT  
BE THE PLACE YOU'D  
EXPECT TO FIND PLENTY  
OF SMASH-UPS, AND  
THERE ARE ENOUGH,  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
"DEATH TAKES THE  
WHEEL."





ON THE GREASE PIT AT A GREAT AUTO SPEEDWAY THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE--

RYDER, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

TALK-- IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!



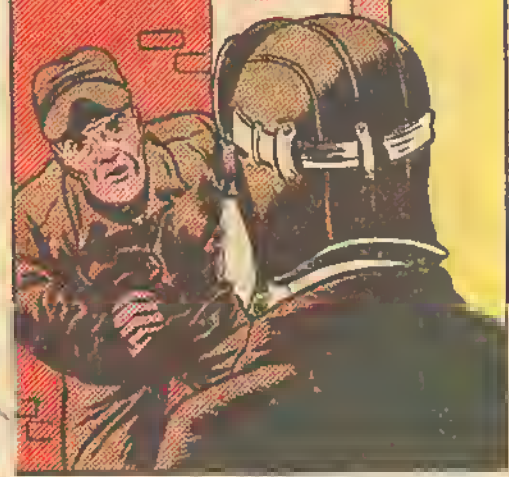
RYDER--I WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM EDITH! SHE'S MY GIRL! KEEP AWAY--OR--

OR WHAT? LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!



I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY!



HEY YOU TWO! CUT THAT OUT!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? MY TWO BEST MEN-- AT EACH OTHER'S THROAT!

HMM--WITH ALL THIS ROUGH TALK GOING AROUND-- NEVER CAN TELL WHEN SOMEBODY MIGHT GET HURT, PERMANENTLY!



I'M SORRY, PAUL--BUT THIS GUY HAS SHOT HIS MOUTH OFF DNCE TOO OFTEN!

CUT IT OUT, JIM-- WE HAVE A RACE TO WIN TOMORROW! THERE'S A LOT OF DOUGH AT STAKE---



EDITH'S MY GIRL! TELL HIM TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER--OR HE'LL REGRET IT!

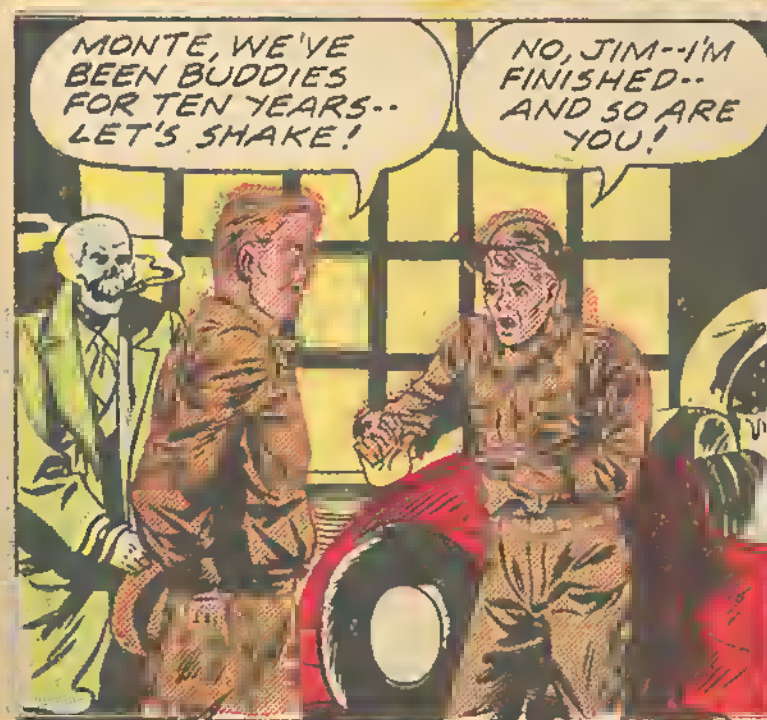
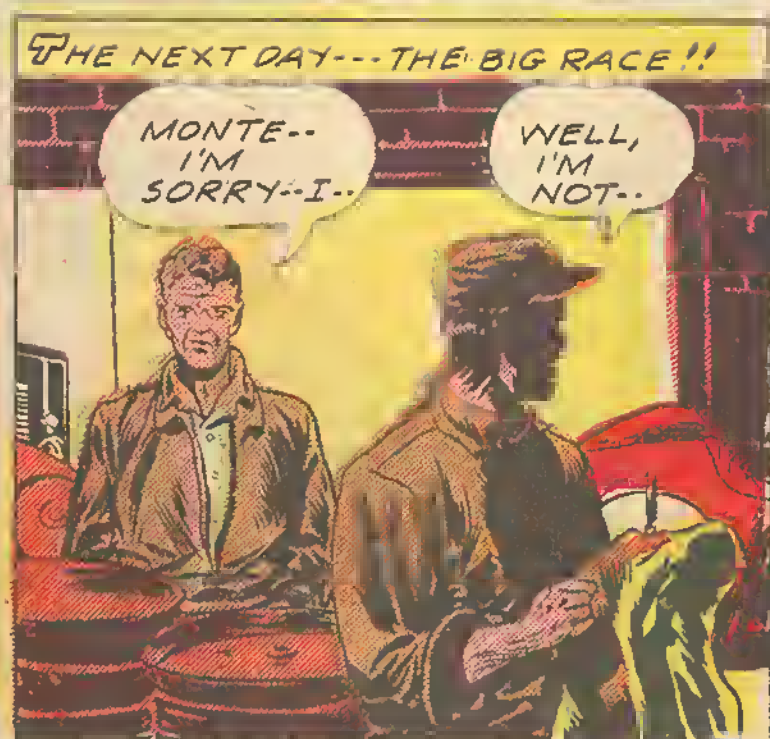
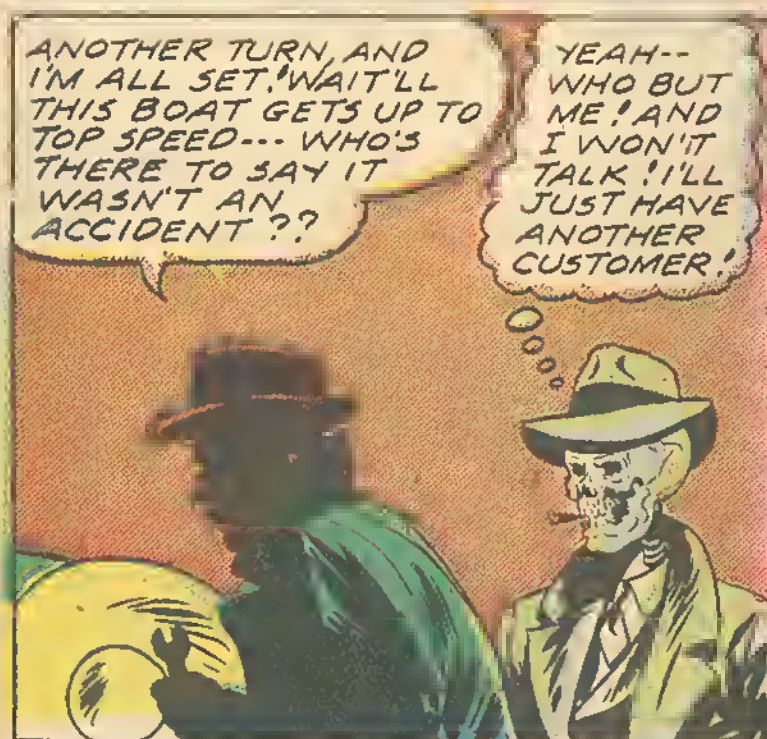


SHUT UP, MONTE--THAT'S ENOUGH! FORGET ABOUT EDITH--YOUR JOB IS TO GET OUR ENTRY INTO WINNING SHAPE--THAT'S ALL I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU--OR SO HELP ME, I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH BANNED FROM EVERY TRACK IN THE COUNTRY!

I LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK! IT'S RUGGED! YESSIR, IT'S RUGGED!



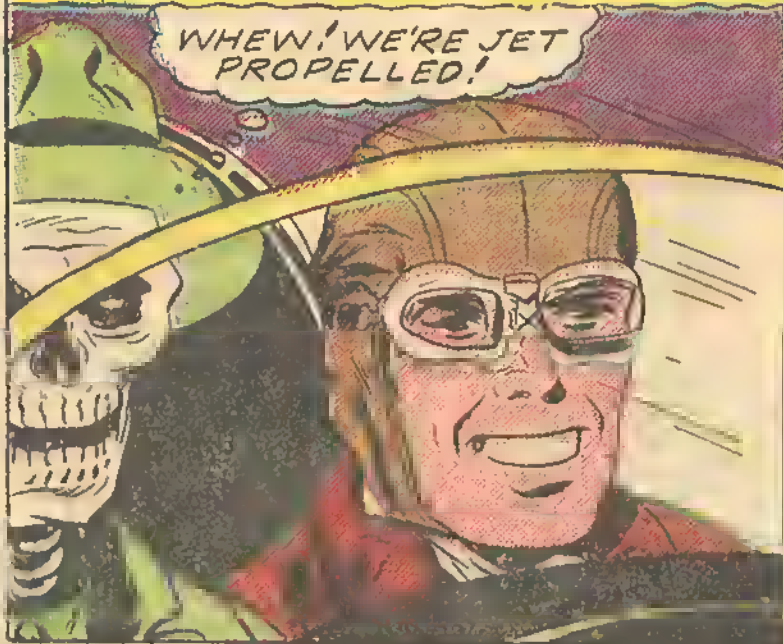






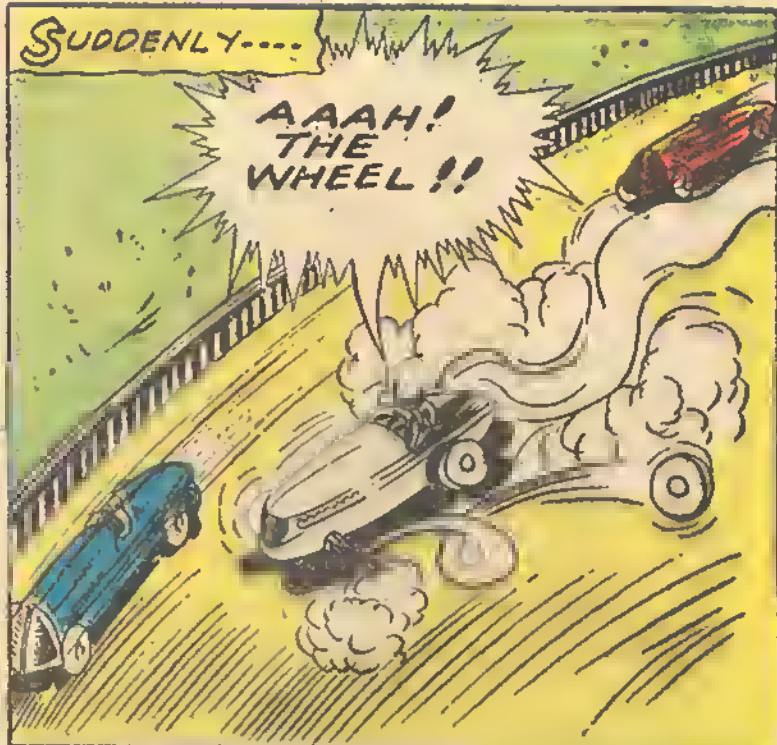
THE RACE STARTS--AND SOON JIM IS DRIVING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED----

WHEW! WE'RE JET PROPELLED!



SUDDENLY....

AAAH!  
THE  
WHEEL !!



AND AS IF FATE DECREED IT, THE FLYING WHEEL HITS MONTE!

AAAAH!



WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW?  
I HAVE TWO CLIENTS INSTEAD  
OF ONE! FUNNY THE WAY  
THINGS WORK OUT!



THERE THEY GO-- OFF INTO  
THE WILD BLUE YONDER! I DON'T  
THINK MY WORK AROUND HERE  
IS DONE--I DON'T THINK  
SO AT ALL!

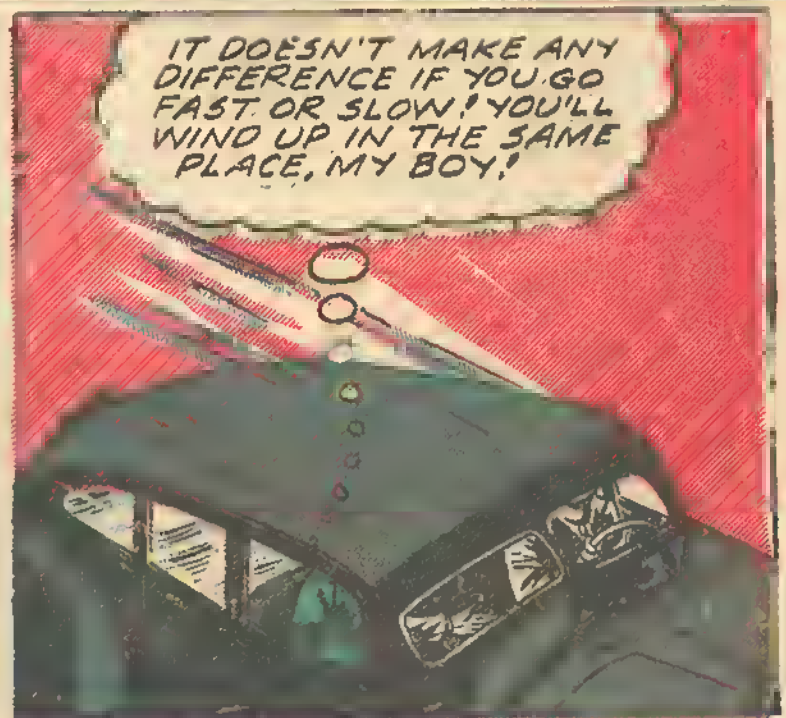


MEANWHILE, PAUL LAWRENCE  
DOESN'T SEEM TOO SAD----

OH HO! HO! IT WORKED!  
WORKED LIKE A CHARM! KILLED  
THEM BOTH! AND NOW  
EDITH WILL BE MINE!







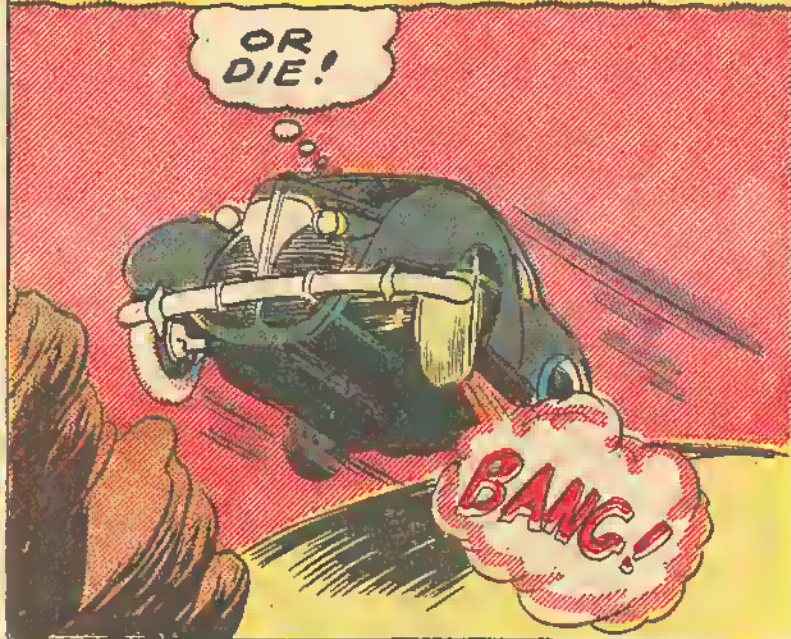


NOW THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, PAUL! I THINK YOU SHOULD EITHER OBEY THE SPEED LAWS---



OUT OF CONTROL THE CAR CRASHES INTO A BOULDER!

OR DIE!



WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE SPEEDING VEHICLE CAROMS WILDLY----

HELP!  
HELP!  
YIIIIIIII

CRASH!

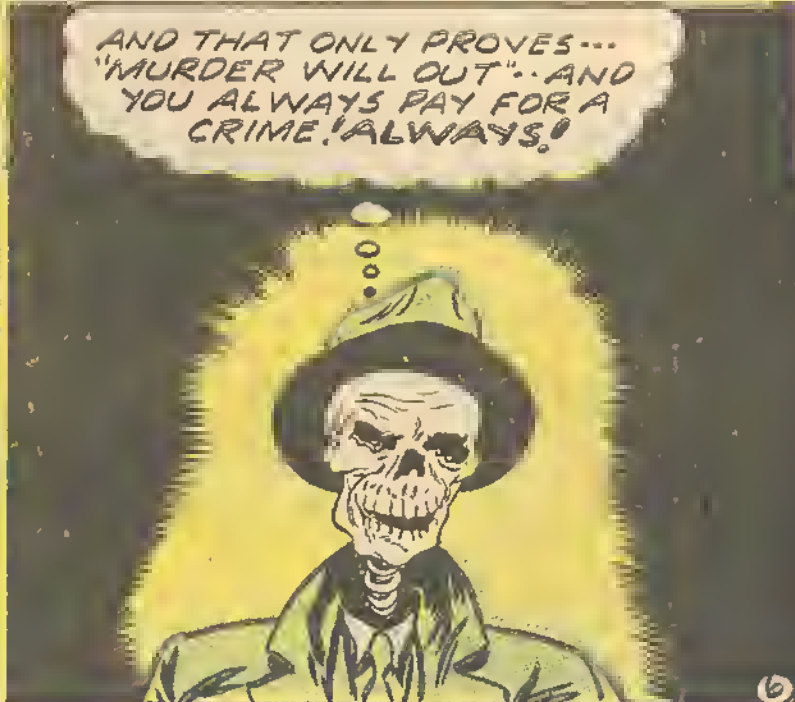


WHEN THERE IS SILENCE--- THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE---

PHEW! WHAT A SPILL--  
AND I SEE MY BOY,  
THE MURDERER,  
IS QUITE DEAD!



AND THAT ONLY PROVES...  
'MURDER WILL OUT'... AND  
YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR A  
CRIME! ALWAYS!





# CLEVER CLUES



THE CASHIER IN A BANK NOTICED A STRANGE MAN WATCHING MR. DUPINGAL WRITE OUT A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY MR. DUPINGAL'S SIGNATURE WAS FORGED. THE CASHIER TOLD THE DETECTIVES ABOUT THE STRANGE MAN. HE CONFESSED HE DID IT. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF DUPINGAL'S SIGNATURE?

SOLUTION - THE SUSPECT COPIED THE "SIG" WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR USED BY DUPINGAL AND PICKED UP THE BLOTTER ADMITTED THAT HE HAD



STATISTICS SHOW THAT THE AVERAGE MURDERER IN THE UNITED STATES SERVES ONLY 90 MONTHS IN PRISON — LESS THAN 8 YEARS.

ANSWER - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE HAD LOCKED THE CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WAS STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE TO THE POLICE.



MRS. FANDERMELT CAME INTO THE POLICE STATION. SHE SAID SHE HAD DRIVEN INTO TOWN, AND AFTER SHE HAD PARKED AND LOCKED HER CAR SHE STARTED TO WALK TOWARDS THE BANK WHERE SHE WAS GOING TO DEPOSIT \$20,000 WORTH OF JEWELRY SHE HAD IN HER HAND BAG WHEN A STRANGE MAN GRABBED HER HAND BAG AND RAN AWAY. SHE IMMEDIATELY GOT IN HER CAR AND DROVE TO THE POLICE STATION. WHEN THE OFFICER ASKED WHAT ELSE WAS IN HER BAG, SHE ANSWERED - ONE HANDKERCHIEF, A COSMETIC CASE, TEN ONE-DOLLAR BILLS AND THE KEYS TO HER CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER SHE HAD FAKED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME?

BY KEN BRICKLEY



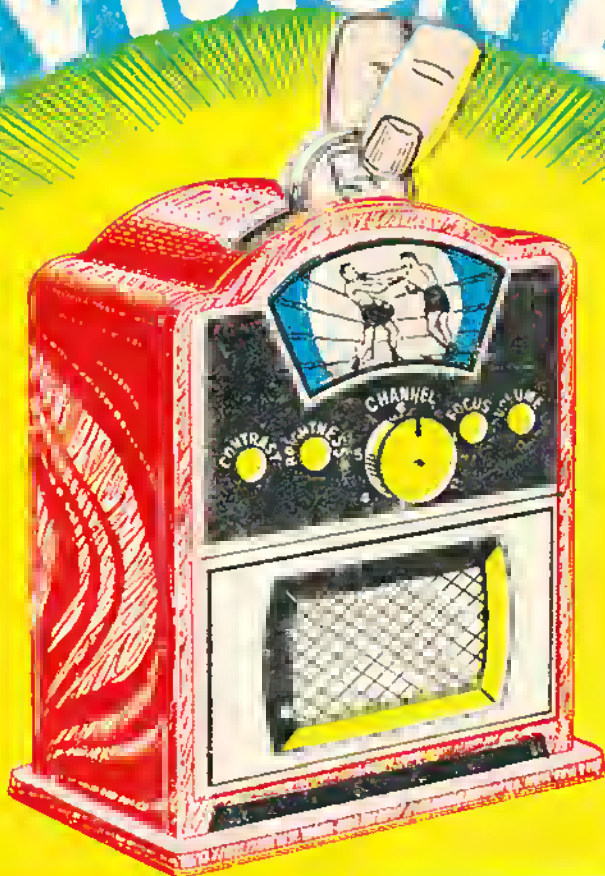
THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES  
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR  
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!**

You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even in the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—mimics all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 38 BB New York 2, N. Y.

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 38 BB  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.